THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CX.—No. 1435

JUNE 17, 1931

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" THE CALL OF THE VE-ALA " by Beatrice Grimshaw
" TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY:
THE STORY OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK "
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" TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY:
THE JAMESON RAID " described by Gordon Beckles
" THE GERMAN 'REVOLUTION' IN LONDON " by Hannen Swaffer
" MARLENE DIETRICH " by Sydney Tremayne
" SMOKE SCREEN " by Leslie Storm
" THE TRADITIONAL HANDICRAFTS OF ENGLAND " by Beryl Freeman
" WEEK-ENDS IN THE WOODS " by P. A. Barron
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FASHION NOTES FROM PARIS
" OPEN-AIR OUTFITS " by Madge Garland
A HAT AND A HAND-BAG WHICH ARE EASILY MADE AT HOME
" PORTRAIT OF AN ACTOR " by Achmed Abdullah
" WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH "
HOW TO MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE SCARF, HAT AND WAISTCOAT
" THE WHY AND HOW OF FOOD PREJUDICES IN CHILDREN "
by Len Chaloner
" NEW WAYS WITH WALL-PAPERS " by Derek Patmore
" COLD STORAGE PROBLEMS "
" SUMMER MENUS " by A. H. Adair
" SOME BREAKFAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WARM MONTHS "
by Mrs. Sam Sloan
" ECONOMICAL MENUS " by John Craigie
" NATURE'S OWN CLEANERS " by Phyllis Andrews
" PUTTING WINTER THINGS AWAY "
THE MOTORING SECTION, conducted by The Earl of Cardigan
THE WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION, conducted by Eleanor E. Helme

In the heat of the day it will do you good to rest, and read the NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

BRITANNIA AND EVE

The Bystander, June 17, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1435 Vol. CX.

A HELPING HAND

Lady Diana Cooper (left) assisting Mrs. Harold Taylor to prepare for the Westminster Ball, which took place at the Dorchester Hotel on the Wednesday of last week. On the right is seen Miss Rosita Forbes (Mrs. A. McGrath), the famous explorer, who was another of those who formed part of the British Silk Group

ROYALTY—AND A SPILL—AT ROEHAMPTON

Lady Davina Lytton, whose engagement was recently announced to the Earl of Erne, seen on the right, with Mrs. Boles and a young visitor in the foreground

Lady Louis Mountbatten and her mother-in-law, Victoria, Marchioness of Milford Haven, at Roehampton, on their way to watch the polo

The King of Spain, who was a guest at Lady Louis Mountbatten's house, shows concern when Lord Louis was thrown, hurting his foot and sustaining slight concussion, whilst playing for the Bluejackets against the Crusaders. Fortunately, the injury to Lord Louis' ankle is not regarded as serious, though it will keep him out of the saddle for a time

Another snapshot of King Alfonso, himself a polo player of no mean order, at Roehampton last week

ASCOT FASHIONS OF 1905 AND—

A scene in the paddock at Ascot in 1905 showing some of the most "daring" for that year. Even in the world of Fashion there is nothing new under the sun, and the American sailor hats, so popular on the bathing beaches, finds a worthy forerunner in the model seen on the left of the group. Inset below is another photograph taken in 1905 showing King Edward in the Royal Box with the present King and Queen standing on the immediate right

the passing hour

IF you are staying in a house party down at Ascot, don't forget the Gold Cup Day Fair. To-morrow (Thursday) night there is to be a grand gala at Poulsen's Club, near Datchet. Wet or fine, it should be very amusing, and it is all in a good cause—that of the Dockland Settlement. The Fair and the cocktail bar will both be open as from 5.30 p.m. Prince George will be there. There will be "attractions" both on the river and in the ballroom And there will also be dancing competitions.

THIS is proving to be a really Royal Ascot with the Royal Princes staying with the King and Queen at Windsor instead of at Fort Belvedere, and, we hope, really Royal weather. As far as the actual racing goes, my tip is more than ever to watch the French entries. They say that the Aga Khan's horse, Ut Majeur, is good enough for the Gold Cup, but I have my doubts. As to the Royal Hunt Cup, many people will follow that equally lucky owner, Mr. Arthur Dewar. When, by the way, will he become a member of the Jockey Club? It is time he was.

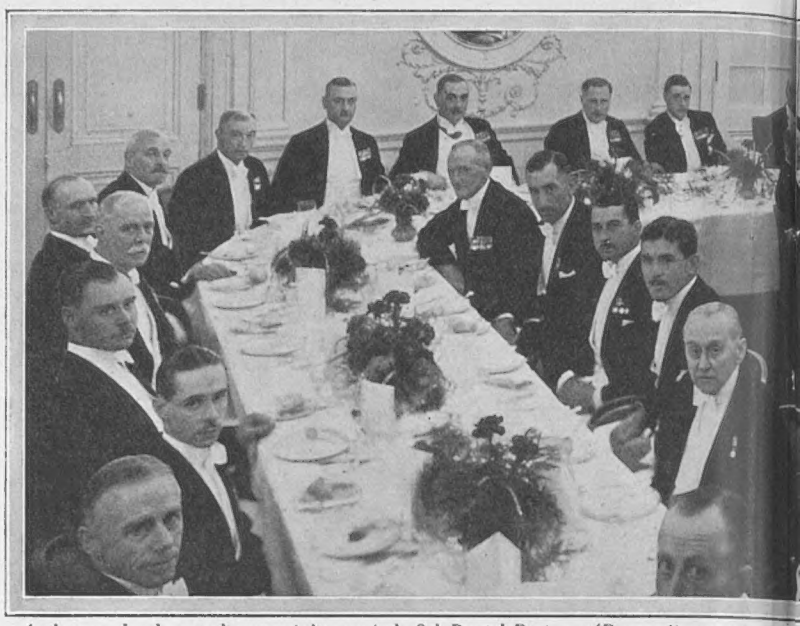
I GATHER that, despite the times, more people than ever have exchanged their Ascot vouchers for the

—THOSE OF THIS YEAR OF GRACE

Three Ascot fashions for 1931 which form a striking contrast to those of twenty-six years ago. On the left is a black embroidered georgette dress with fitting coat, in the centre a model in black embroidered chiffon with platinum fox cuffs, and on the right a "Cadillac" dress with floral design and fox cuffs

THE SEASON'S BUSY WEEK

The Duke of Norfolk trying his luck at the Hoop-la board after opening the Garden Fête and Fair, held last week in aid of the Worthing Hospital. It took place in the grounds of the residence of the Mayor and Mayoress of Worthing



A photograph taken at the annual dinner of the 8th Punjab Regiment (Burma Battalions) at the [illegible] seen in the centre of the [illegible]

Mr. Winston Churchill, the one Conservative leader who is showing any vigour nowadays, at the Government's use of the "guillotine" in debates and begged the Conservatives [illegible]

badges instead of returning them. The Totalisator is responsible for this increase, both among the men and the women—the men because they will no longer have to rush up to the rails at the last minute to put on their women friends' bets, and the women because they can now bet in comfort and two-shilling pieces on the Totalisator in the Paddock. But I really feel sorry for the bookmakers. I doubt whether their takings will amount to half the usual amount during Ascot.

Two Courts, the Trooping of the Colour, the Speed Ball, Mrs. Woolley-Hart's dance, Lord Louis Mountbatten's polo accident, the Ryder Cup dinner, and a dozen other matters all jostle for inclusion in the week's social news. Then there is Lady Beauchamp filing a divorce suit against her husband, and Lady Betty Montgomerie getting engaged to Mr. Robert Hoare, and preparations being made for the sale at Christie's of the late Lt.-Commander Glen Kidston's wine cellar, containing 270 dozen of the choicest burgundies, clarets, and brandies. Yes, it has been a full week, and it is hard to know where to begin.

Mrs. Woolley-Hart's dance was the most lavish and entertaining party I have attended for years. Two hundred people, they say, arrived uninvited. But her big new house in Princes Gate, with its white Moorish staircase and its topaz-coloured ballroom and its floods of arum lilies and vintage champagne, contained them all without undue confusion. I left at 3 a.m. myself, but I am told that young Sir Robert Throckmorton did not get home before dawn, so the party may have gone on much longer.

Everybody who was anybody was there. Young married couples, like Lord and Lady Weymouth, Lord and Lady Melchett and Sir John and Lady Milbanke, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley; bachelors, like Mr. Edward Tatham and Lord Rosse, and any number of pretty women, like the Vicomtesse de Dampierre and Mrs. Cecil Pim and Lady Bridget Parsons, added to the gaiety of this house-warming, which was further infected with the professional high spirits of the Four Harmony Kings and Miss Sophie Tucker.

I gathered from many of the guests, like Lady Bridget Poulett and Lady Cynthia Tothill, who had come on from the Speed Ball, that, though everyone who had

—BUT FEWER AMERICAN VISITORS

e Piccadilly Hotel last week. The Prince of Wales, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, is he group at the top table

Princess Ileana of Roumania and the Archduke Anton of Austria, whose engagement was recently announced, seen together at the Littorio Aerodrome in Rome. They attended a race meeting held on the new motor track there

ys, addressing a vast open-air gathering at Folkestone. He strongly attacked ive party to dissociate itself from Labour's Indian Policy

promised to go to this affair had done so, it was not as full as it might have been. However, Lord Lonsdale danced, and Lady Patricia Moore talked to Lord D'Abernon, and the Duke of York came on from the Ryder Cup dinner, and Miss Margaret Whigham took part in the entertainment.

ONE of the excitements of the week occurred at a well-known restaurant the other night when someone recognised, dancing on the floor, the American girl who appears in the Folies Bergère show with nothing on except a mask. Her identification caused the greatest curiosity, although she was wearing a perfectly proper black lace frock with a pink flower at the waist. Marion Harris, by the way, has returned to the Café de Paris after having been away for a week with a bad throat.

Mr. Churchill attacking the Government over India. "From the day when we punish weakness in humble subordinates," he said, speaking of the Cawnpore riots, "and glorify it in those of high station, we shall have declared ourselves unworthy and unfit to discharge our mission in the East"

MEANTIME, Royal patronage has caused the Malmaison to be crowded every night. In fact, every restaurant in London, except one, is doing very well. The same, however, cannot be said of hotel bedrooms. Only one hotel is completely filled from floor to roof. The American invasion is smaller than usual, and later than usual, too. However, Mr. W. R. Hearst has arrived, and Mr. Edward Harkness and other millionaires are here or are on their way.

TWO of the richest and most charming Americans now in London are Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery. Mr. McCreery races in France and England. They have a house at Burlingame, a suburb of San Francisco.

SOME OF THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT—

Photographs

Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham, who made her curtsey at the third Court. She was presented by the Hon. Lady Bailey

Vandyk

Lady Derwent, who was presented last week by the Dowager Countess of Airlie. Her father, General Iliesco, was formerly Chief of the General Staff of the Roumanian Army

which is known as the millionaires' quarter. Their daughter, Isabel, who is here with them, is said to be the finest horsewoman in California. She is tall and pretty, and is staying with her parents at the Ritz.

IT was only last week that I was writing about the brilliant successes of Merchiston on the polo field. This team, controlled by the Dutchman, M. Madlener, has met with great ill-luck. Though they beat Mr. Laddie Sanford's team, the Hurricanes, in the semi-final of the open challenge cup, they only did so at the cost of M. Madlener falling heavily and hurting himself. The result is that they had to scratch in the final of the Whitney Cup, which they would otherwise have undoubtedly won.

THE match against the Hurricanes was a terrific affair. Though Merchiston thought they were going to win, the Hurricanes never contemplated losing. And, indeed, they only did this as a result of a brilliant goal shot by Captain Scott-Robson, amid wild excitement, after extra time had been allowed.

MAJOR PHIPPS-HORNBY had meantime taken the place of M. Madlener at No. 1. Mr. Humphrey Guinness, for Merchiston, played the game of his life.. Major Phipps-Hornby, it must be pointed out, had no time to change, and played in leather chaps over flannel trousers. He wore a Queen's Bay's cap and played admirably. It was fortunate, however, for Merchiston that Mr. Laddie Sanford was completely off his game.

NEARLY a thousand horses will take part in the International Horse Show which will be held at Olympia the last week in June. The animals "on parade" and taking part will range from the finest thoroughbreds in the world, handsome hackneys, hardy hunters, to strong pit ponies from the Monmouth and South Wales collieries, and the always delightful donkeys of the London costers. Olympia will be transformed into a gorgeous flower garden with thousands of gay-coloured hydrangeas, geraniums, and marguerites. The entries are particularly heavy, and the huge ring will be busy from early morning till midnight on each of the seven days the show will be running.

THE nine Canadian horses to be ridden by members of the Governor-General's Bodyguard in the International competitions are the first of the overseas contestants to reach Olympia. They are very fine animals, and each is valued at upwards of a thousand pounds. Their riders are some of the leading "crack" horsemen of the Dominion, and they are coming to London in a determined effort to take home particularly the world-coveted Prince of Wales' Cup.

Photographs

Viscountess Tiverton, who was presented at the third Court by Lady Evelyn Giffard. She is the daughter of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart and of the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Maule Ramsay

— AT THE COURTS HELD LAST WEEK

MEMBERS of both Houses of Parliament are to inspect typical pit ponies in the flesh in view of the proposals being made in some quarters that the use of these animals in coal mines shall be restricted. The sixty pit ponies from Monmouth and South Wales which are to take part in the International Horse Show at Olympia are to be open to public inspection, too. For the opening day of the Show on Saturday a large party of peers and M.P.s, including members of the Cabinet, has been invited to examine them at close quarters. Many old pit ponies—all of which will be working in the mines right up to the eve of their departure for Olympia—are to be included in the parade in a special Veterans' Class consisting of eight entries with combined ages of 153 years, and service underground of 121 years.

I HEAR that official intimation has been received by Mr. Robert Fenemore that the King and Queen will attend a performance of the Masque Theatre Company at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, on the evening of July 11. From a number of plays from the Masque Theatre Company's repertoire submitted for

Photographs

Lady Devitt, the wife of Sir T. Devitt, the Rugby International. She was presented by her mother-in-law Mrs Arthur Devitt

Lafayette

Miss Marjorie Ford, who was presented by her mother, Lady Ford. Her father, Sir Patrick Ford, Bart., sits for the Edinburgh North Division in Parliament

Marian Lewis

The Marchioness of Cambridge. She is seen wearing the dress in which she attended last week's Courts at Buckingham Palace

Sport and General

The Maharaj Kumari Lalitarni Devi of Burdwan, wearing a beautiful sari, waiting her turn in the Mall. She was presented by Mrs. Wedgwood Benn

HORSES TO FOLLOW AT ASCOT

approval they have chosen *The Admirable Crichton*, by Sir James Barrie, and accordingly this play will be presented for the Command Performance. It is interesting to note that this is the first Command Performance in Scotland. The title part will be played by Esmé Percy, who has lately been giving a clever study in senility at the Kingsway Theatre as the Marquis of Sark in Prince Antoine Bibesco's somewhat unpleasant play, *The Heir*. It may be recalled that the late H. B. Irving scored one of his biggest successes as Crichton.

PARIS was full this week-end with English people who had come over for the wedding of the Hon. George Spencer, Lord Spencer's brother, and the party given by Miss Elsa Maxwell, not to mention the big race on Sunday. Paris is now at the height of its season, and anyone who had hoped to get a voucher for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, and was disappointed, has a very good excuse for remaining on the other side of the Channel for the next ten days. There is, I hear, any amount of entertaining, as well as the Colonial Exhibition, and new boîtes and restaurants. France is the most prosperous country in Europe to-day—and shows it.

The Duke of York laying the foundation stone of the Merchant Taylors' School's new buildings at Sandy Lodge. In the course of his speech he alluded to the fact that the King and the Prince of Wales, as well as he himself, were all members of the famous Company which founded and has maintained the School

A FAMOUS LONDON SCHOOL'S MIGRATION

The Duke and Duchess of York, accompanied by Mr. W. Graham, the Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and Mrs. Graham, seen on their arrival at Sandy Lodge, where the Duke laid the foundation stone of the new buildings of the Merchant Taylors' School. This famous London school, which was founded in 1561, moved from its original site in Suffolk Lane in 1875, when it occupied the site of Charterhouse School, which had migrated to Godalming, but these buildings are now inadequate for a school of nearly 500 boys

THE Lawn Tennis Association and All-England Club are yearly faced with a difficulty in allotting seats for the championships at Wimbledon, due to the fact that far more people want to be present than there is room to seat round the centre court. That many tickets get into the hands of those who only hope to make money out of them is obvious from the agony columns when they are offered at extortionately high premiums. Personally, I think many more seats should be offered to members of tennis clubs, who, at all events, know something about the game.

IT is sad news that Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam are giving up their lovely house in Grosvenor Square, and so will do no more entertaining there. It is to become an Embassy, I believe.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

The best advice I can give Ascot patrons who can refrain from betting on every race is to follow the runners from Beckhampton and Manton.

The Royal Hunt Cup should provide a very open market. Go for F. DARLING'S SELECTED.

PARENTHESIS is at his best just now and I bracket him with the French filly, COMMANDERIE, for the Gold Cup.

In the Wokingham Stakes, SISTER CLOVER will be running over her best distance, and on her second to Fleeting Memory in the Victoria Cup holds an obviously fine chance.

One of the "titbits" of the Ascot week will be the renewed Derby battle between Orpen and Sandwich in the King Edward VII Stakes to-day, and I predict that SANDWICH will reverse the placings with Orpen.

Add these names to the list of Horses to follow:—DON BOSCO, HAILSTONE COLT, ON WATCH, and BACH.

TWO WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

Meantime, I am told that Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam are to keep a permanent suite at the May Fair Hotel. Other moves in Mayfair include that of Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux to Mr. Sidney Beer's former house in Park Street, and Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Guinness's departure to Lord Ednam's former house in Cheyne Walk. Lord and Lady Queensberry have moved, too.

IN our issue of June 10 we published a photograph of the Marchioness of Cambridge, who opened the Garden Fête held last week in aid of the Richmond Hospital Extension Fund in the grounds of Ham House. Owing to a slip of the pen, we described her as the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and therefore now hasten to offer our apologies to both these august ladies for any inconvenience occasioned them by this error. Whether the earthquake tremor was responsible for this lapse we do not know, but we can only attribute this slip and the one which prompted us to describe the photograph of Cardinal Bourne, who represented the Pope at the recent Joan of Arc celebrations in Rouen, as Cardinal Vaughan to this unsettling event. We are therefore glad to learn that any serious earthquakes in this country are not at all likely to occur!

Alexandra Rose sellers make the most of their opportunities and tackle Mr. Basil Mostyn and his bride Miss Anita Feilding, after their wedding at Brompton Oratory last week, on Rose Day. The bridegroom is a half-brother of Sir Pyers Mostyn, of Talacre

Mr. Roderick William Nicolson and his bride, Miss Bridget Kindersley, after their wedding last week at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride is the younger daughter of Major Guy Kindersley, O.B.E., M.P., and of Mrs Kindersley

AN OLD MASTER COMES TO LIFE

Miss Joan Buckmaster in a remarkably clever study of the famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons painted by Gainsborough. She took part in the new Chronicle play, "Sarah Siddons, the greatest of the Kembles," produced at Hereford as part of the Siddons Centenary celebrations

THE Clerk of the Weather is no respector of persons, and the strong winds and rain he let loose on Portmarnock last week during the Ladies' Open Golf Championship damped everything except the ardour of the competitors. Under such conditions, it was not surprising that some of those who were expected to reach the semi-finals were knocked out before getting so far.

BUT on the form shown by them during the competition there can be no doubt that Miss Wanda Morgan, who just beat Miss Molly Gourlay in the semi-final, and Miss Enid Wilson both deserved to reach the final, which attracted a large gallery to Portmarnock. The play was followed with the greatest interest, Miss Enid Wilson scoring a fine victory by 7 and 6.

GROSVENOR —MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three . . . hello . . . hello, Baa, my sweet. . . . What were we saying when I had to rush off? . . . oh, I know . . . about the Woolley-Hart dance. Did you enjoy yourself? . . . Yes; the house is extraordinary . . . dead white . . . orange . . . black figures . . . massed lilies . . . a big crowd! . . .

* * *

I AM so tired of flowered chiffons, especially in the evening, when I think they are unbecoming. . . . Mary Nunburnholme has been wearing one lately . . . then last night appeared in an all-blue dress . . . and looked too amazingly lovely. . . . Talking of colours, everyone seems to have discovered the effectiveness of red and white . . . little red coats on white dresses abound. . . . but Phyllis Foster . . . whose husband is M.F.H. of the Sinnington . . . has a wide red patent-leather belt on her white dress. . . .

* * *

"HE is such fun but no brains!" . . . I was too late to see the speaker talking about somebody . . . however, that is the newest . . . brains are at a premium at the moment. . . . I do not know whether one considers quality as well as quantity . . . among the very young. . . . Patricia Moore is intelligent. . . . Mary Lygon is interesting, and her friend Diana Coventry gay and amusing. . . . Of the marrieds Dierdre Balfour is artistically clever . . . Clare Beck is fascinating . . . Catherine Queensberry needs no label, her brilliance is well known.

* * *

ADMIRAL TAYLOR'S daughters, Betty and Jane, are most energetic. . . . Betty has a picture in the Academy this year, having studied for a very short time; and Jane is always helping some dance or other. . . . They make their own clothes and are good at games. . . . Now they are giving a dance together at their home in Holland Park . . . theirs is a garden with a mass of syringa bushes . . . a most romantic setting. . . .

* * *

IT is very sad about a well-known R.A., but those of us who knew him have been expecting it for some time. . . .

* * *

THERE is much feeling because a certain well-known titled woman . . . who is more Fannie-Wardish than most of her generation . . . was considered too old to be asked to a certain dance. . . .

* * *

THE Cunningham-Reid party was the best ever. . . . I have never seen so many beautiful women together in one room. . . . The King of Spain was at one time sitting between the most beautiful brunette, Jean Norton, and the most beautiful blonde, Edyth d'Erlanger. . . . In spite of the notice that evening dress was not essential, the dresses seemed elaborately normal. . . . Betty Stockfield was an exception in pale blue pyjamas, *without* the ultra-wide legs which made the ones worn by the hostess almost indistinguishable. . . . The fashion started by the Beaton sisters of flowers in the hair has spread rapidly. . . . Freda Dudley Ward had a tiny bunch of red roses at the side of her head when I saw her at the Embassy, and Daphne Weymouth a larger bunch of scarlet gardenias. . . . I must say the effect was very charming. . . .

* * *

SUCH excitement the other night when a well-known man and his partner fell heavily to the floor . . . and then accused a famous . . . shall we say merchant? . . . of tripping him on purpose. . . . Peter, as usual, performed a miracle, and everyone apologised. . . . A tense moment, however! . . .

* * *

ZITA JAMES still wears her hair straight with a fringe, and looks like a beautiful mediæval page. . . . Gwen Melchett gives much the same effect . . . and so does Wanda Baillie-Hamilton. . . . I think that on the whole I prefer Clare Beck's tidy head, with its tight, tiny curls at the back. . . . I saw Clare walking down Dover Street from her hairdresser carrying her hat to keep those same curls uncrushed. . . . Marion Davies, the lovely little film star, has been having a great success in London. . . . I saw her wearing a brown and white chiffon dress, and her extraordinary eyelashes seemed longer than ever. . . . Film stars seem very fond of brown; Mary Pickford had a dress of that colour flecked with gold, and with a little coatee.

* * *

SOPHIE WAVERTREE'S cocktail party was great fun last week. . . . She tells me that her adopted daughter, Rosemary, will be coming out next year. . . . She is very attractive and should have a great success. . . .

* * *

SOPHIE WAVERTREE herself is one of the best-looking women in London . . . with her white hair and deep blue eyes. . . . I admire her so much, and Gracie Curzon . . . who has had so much trouble lately, poor dear. . . . Gracie Curzon is always interesting and has the most beautiful if dignified manners. . . . Darling, I must stop. . . . I'm just off to Ascot. . . . I look lovely, of course. . . . Have you heard about the debutante who lost her voucher? . . . Good-bye . . . bless you.

Lady Mount Edgcombe and Capt. Tommy Graves at the house-warming given by Mrs. Woolley-Hart. It took place at her house in Prince's Gate

Miss Margaret Whigham and Lord Selby snapped at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's house-warming party last week

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Dr. Bruning, the German Chancellor, who visited the Prime Minister at Chequers over that little matter of Reparation payments

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of Cambridge University, in his robes, leaving the Senate House after conferring degrees upon, among others, Captain Fitzroy (Speaker of the House of Commons), Mr. John Masefield (Poet Laureate), and Prof Rostoutzeff, of Yale

The Prince of Wales, wearing a beret and plus fours of big checks, at Carnoustie when witnessing the final round of the British Open Golf Championship. Provost Boase, of Carnoustie, is seen on the right

Left, H.R.H. Prince George on a visit to the kennels of Mr. Gordon Stewart (seen left), where he witnessed a demonstration of canine obedience and speed racing on the flat and over hurdles by Great Danes. The dog in the picture is the Great Dane champion, "Midas of Send"

AT THE PLAY

SERENITY IN SIN AND A

"Marry at Leisure," at the Haymarket

ALAN and Helen have lived together in perfect amity for over twenty years, and their daughter, Marjorie, is proposed to by Geoffrey Barrowdale, who, as you will see from Debrett, is the son of Lord and Lady Challow. Debrett, which is always discreet, does not add the information that they are a brainless and strait-laced couple.

MARJORIE, however, before accepting Geoffrey, scents trouble. "What will your father and mother say? Will they approve?" Master Barrowdale reluctantly admits that they won't, and this is not because Marjorie's father is a bad novelist and a best seller, but for the reason that Alan and Helen have produced a family and they are not man and wife. What can be done?

MARJORIE has a brain-wave. "Well," she says, "if I'm not allowed to marry Geoffrey I'll jolly well live with him." Consternation on the part of Father Alan and Mother Helen who have made a success of the experiment, but do not want the next generation to repeat it!

THEN what is to be done? With an ignorance of the laws of the realm not shared by all, Alan and Helen say that, though it's rather late in the day, they'll marry and so legitimise their offspring. "What a topping idea," chortle the infants on the verge of matrimony. "Then we withdraw our objections," say Lord and Lady Challow, who seem easily appeased.

WELL, that's the story of *Marry at Leisure*, so far, and I very much fear you don't think much of it. It isn't very probable, for one thing, and the author, Frank Vosper, simply wallows in worse improbabilities as the play proceeds.

FOR instance, just because their union has become legalised Alan and Helen Forbes change their characters almost as quickly as they could change their shoes. Before the registrar, or sky-pilot, worked his wicked will on them they were a loving couple. The ceremony performed, and they nag at each other as if in full practice! Does Dramatist Vosper intend thus ferociously to attack civil or ecclesiastical marriage? I doubt if

In the lounge of a country hotel with a reputation for housing week-enders with weak morals goes Mrs. Forbes, accompanied by an artist friend to spend the night for the The couples meet, as will be seen above, at this raffish pub, with the result depicted by our artist, who hopes that, without looking at the names, you will recognise, from left

TEMPEST IN MATRIMONY By Vernon Woodhouse

this were his intention. I think he was only trying to write a light comedy in which there was a Marie Tempest part. A most laudable ambition!

BUT in doing so he goes from bad to worse, and piles improbability upon improbability. It is hard to believe that such a devoted middle-aged couple should at once seek happiness in the sanctity of the Divorce Court. It is still harder to believe that, in order to give the necessary evidence of infidelity and spare each other pain, both should attempt to spend the night in a raffish hotel with a friend of the opposite sex; and it is an even greater strain on our credulity so to defy the laws of chance that both husband and wife, with respective partners, should fix on the same hotel in which to cheat the King's Proctor.

NO, no, Mr. Vosper, it really won't do! I can't believe in your story, and I've a shrewd suspicion that you don't believe in it yourself. Had you done so, you would have kept this play on the key of comedy instead of, on many occasions, falling plomp into farce.

I WON'T throw Lord and Lady Challow in your face to emphasise my point about farce, but what about the artist and the lady dramatist and the vicar's wife? And the worst of it is, talking of characters, that you haven't even fitted Marie Tempest particularly well. She does wonders with the one-time unmarried mother—no one could do more—but Helen Forbes is not really a good part because she's merely a stage figure, and not even the finest actress in the world can make bricks without straw, or rather, shall I say, hide the straw with which that figure is stuffed.

AND now, having told the truth, as I see it, about *Marry at Leisure* I hope to goodness, Mr. Vosper, you'll get busy on a better and a more life-like comedy. You can do it if you like. You've done it before, you know.

"A Knight Passed By," at the Ambassadors

I BELIEVE that the Dutch dramatist, Jan Fabricus, has a big following on the Continent, but until *A Knight Passed By* was staged last week at the Ambassadors the only play of his previously seen in London was *Insult*. In both of these David Horne appeared, so he, at all events, seems to appreciate this author's work. Whether, despite clever acting by Nicholas Hannen and Peggy Ashcroft, the great B.P. will flock to the Ambassadors is a matter of doubt, for this Pirandelloesque comedy, though it has its moments, is one of those fanciful plays within a play, mixing fantasy with reality, which is likely to puzzle some playgoers.

V. W.

SKETCHES OF "MARRY AT LEISURE," AT THE HAYMARKET, BY H. H. HARRIS

purpose of securing a collusive divorce. The same bright idea occurred to Mr. Forbes, who chose as his companion in collusion Joanna Sleath, a portly woman dramatist. to right: A Waiter (George Carr), Mrs. Forbes (Marie Tempest), Claude Spencer (Alan Napier), Mr. Forbes (W. Graham Browne), and Joanna Sleath (Mignon O'Doherty)

WOMEN GOLFERS in PLAY at PORTMARNOCK

The Ladies' Golf Championship was held this year on the links at Portmarnock, Ireland, and above are some of the competitors awaiting their turn to play in the thinning-out process previous to the competition proper

Thanks to a wonderful first round of 75, played under the most adverse conditions, followed by an 83, Miss Enid Wilson (Notts), headed the list of those qualifying for the Women's Golf Championship. She is here seen putting at the ninth green. By aggregating the lowest score she won the Diana Fishwick Bowl as winner of the qualifying rounds

Miss Diana Fishwick (North Foreland), after a somewhat disastrous start, with a second round of 80, was third on the list of qualifiers. She won the championship last year, and was a favourite for this year's event

The foreign danger to Home players was not so strong as usual this year, for Miss Maureen Orcutt, of White Beeches, U.S.A., was the only challenger. Fifth in the qualifying competition, she is seen above playing from a bunker and getting out of it remarkably well

BY WILFRED J. ROBERTS

"S. O. S."!

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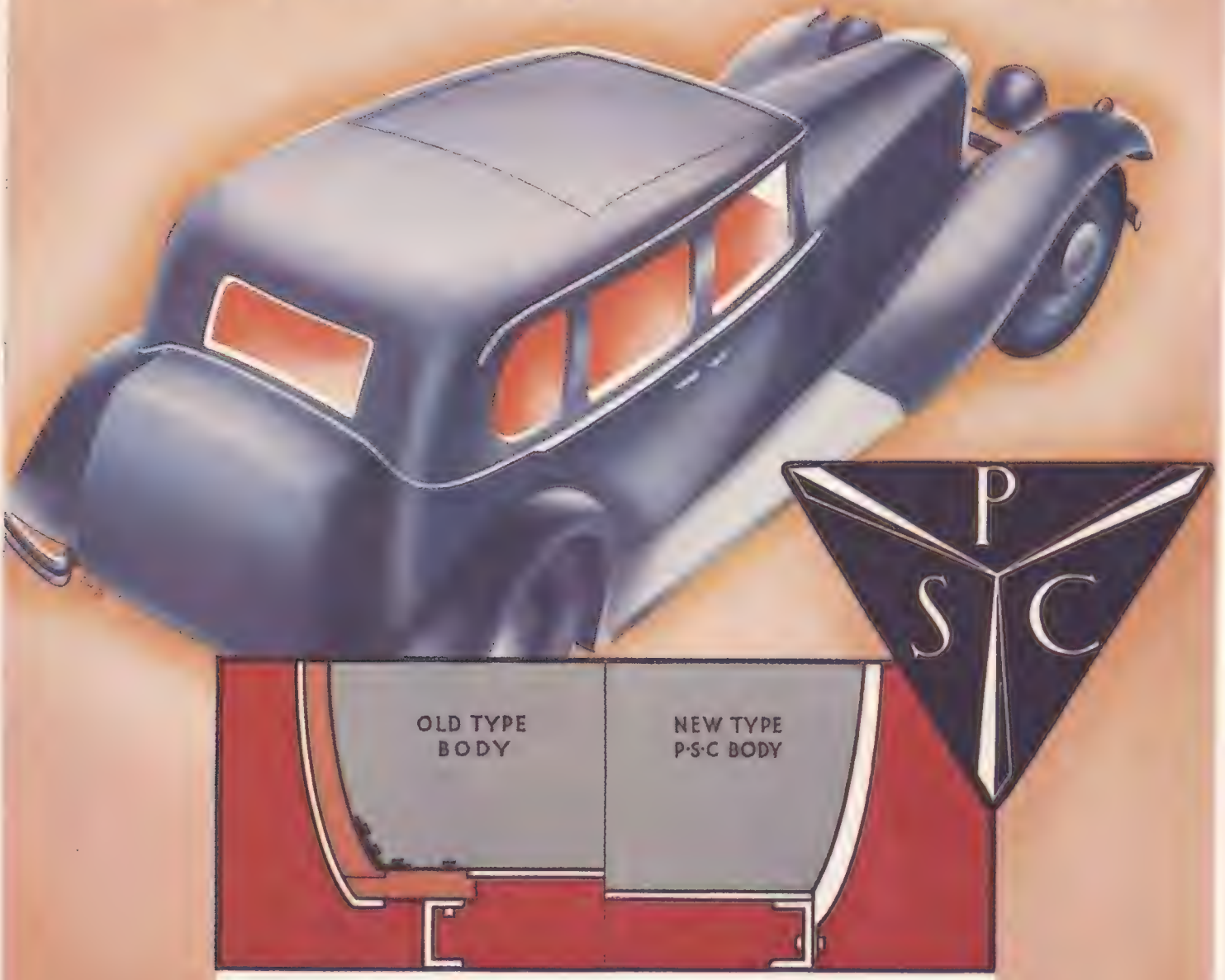

The body of the car no longer overhangs its chassis. P.S.C pressed steel makes it possible for the first time to build an all-steel body direct to an all-steel chassis and flush with the side members. Strength supports strength; nothing is left "in the air." Weight rests in its right place and is held there. Rigid pillars and roof supports of P.S.C add still more to this stability by lightening the upper structure. Result—good road-holding; safe cornering; steady riding. And always the added strength: the added beauty of P.S.C bodywork.

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Service Advertising

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"'Ere you are, mister. Gents' natty suiting, for Ascot"

if Gossip we must

IN these days of danger of disruption of any and every kind—earthquakes are nothing compared with what would happen to this country and to the rest of Europe if certain people had their way—such ceremonies as the Trooping of the Colour are more than just displays of Royal personages and lots and lots of scarlet and gold and pipeclay. They are symbolic, and it is of vital importance not only that they should take place regularly, but that they should be read about by the millions who find it impossible to be present. The King and his sons and his officers of high rank riding in pomp and panoply before the Brigade of Guards is, of course, a pageant and a mighty pleasant sight. But there is another highly important side to it. The military authorities in charge of the arrangements seem to have considered that the ceremony existed for only one purpose—to give them a chance of proving how sublimely stupid the official mind can be, particularly if it is the military official mind.

Sasha

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wallace indulging in the latest craze, Backgammon, at their home, "Chalklands," Bourne End, while their son and daughter, Pat and Brian, look on prepared to take tips—but not racing ones—from their versatile parent

Myrtle Winter, the fifteen-year-old daughter of the late Colonel C.B Winter, C.M.G. D.S.O., who appeared last week at Ciro's Club in a series of terpsichorean contortions, with her elastic limbs

FOR the Press, who were the medium for conveying the news and description of the ceremony to rather more than twenty thousand times the numbers of the whole of the Brigade of Guards, were not only treated with no consideration whatever; they were badgered and insulted. I was glad to see that such well-known journalists as Mr. James Douglas and Mr. Philip Page, who were among those pushed about by policemen and backed out of sight by troopers of the Royal Horse Guards, wrote a strong protest, though whether it will have any effect on the crass skulls at the War Office is quite another matter. If the War Office did not want the Press present, why did it send little letters signed by one A. J. Manson (rank unknown) inviting them? And since there was no Press enclosure, or even the semblance of one, why was there printed in red across the invitation cards the words "Press Enclosure," unless one A. J. Manson (rank unknown) is something of a humorist?

SEATS, stands and enclosures in plenty were arranged round the Horse Guards Parade for various privileged persons. Not in the least do I complain of their presence, since, within reason, I rather believe in privilege. But most bitterly do I complain that the gentlemen of the Press (and some ladies of the Press too) who were there not for pleasure, but on business, and on very important business, should have been pushed

UNSUCCESSFUL ANGLER (*having had a somewhat lengthy*
you are!"

Laddie Cliff (left) as the Millionaire Kid and Barry Lupino as his secretary (or equerry), enjoy a little playful badinage at the expense of a trim maid at one of the stately homes of England. A scene from "The Millionaire Kid," the new musical comedy at the Gaiety Theatre

and hustled and told peremptorily by a young officer wearing a bearskin and a red moustache "to get right back and I don't care a d—— how little you see!" Mr. Tom Shaw, please note.

THAT the German ministers have come to London in a spirit of perfect amity, and that the Germans generally, now that the scrapping is a thing of the remote past, are proving themselves a sensible and even a likeable people, must not blind us to certain important facts. They are pleading poverty—and they are not by any means poor. But, even if they were, that is no earthly reason why the British tax-payer should bear the burden of their impoverishment, which is exactly what the British tax-payer is being asked to do. Another argument is that a strong and solvent Germany, geographically, is a bulwark against Bolshevism; and, if the Germans are not let off their debts to us, or granted a suspension of payment, Bolshevist barbarians will overrun Europe.

By Bertram Prance

"rest" at the local inn): "You're a liar. Thatsh what

A VERY real danger, of course. But why, on this account, should it be taken for granted that Great Britain (which has the English Channel in between) should bear so large a proportion of the cost of providing against such a contingency? A sufficient answer to the delegation from Germany should be, in the words of theatrical managers, "Please go and see our principals," the principals in this case being America.

It is true that America has something far larger than the English Channel between itself and unholy Russia. But America is so suffocated with gold that it finds it difficult to sell to foreigners who have no money with which to buy American goods. So that, on business lines as well as for reasons of common fairness, it is preposterous that we should let off Germany while we continue to pay America in full.

And a further point should not be forgotten, namely, that we are paying America to-day

Dorothy Wilding

The latest portrait of Isabel Jeans, who has just returned from America after playing in "The Man in Possession," where it had a run of eight months following a twenty-six weeks' success in London. Now resting, she may be seen again in the West End in the autumn

On this page are seen photographs of two clever designers whose work is well known to theatre-goers and both of whom have been represented in C. B. Cochran's productions. Above is seen Mrs. G. E Calthrop, who designed all the scenes—with one exception—for "Bitter Sweet," and other productions, including "Private Lives" and "Cochran's 1931 Revue"

TWO INTERESTING DESIGNERS

for war supplies used by all the Allies, that business transaction having put millions of dollars of profit into sundry American business concerns at a time when British blood was being poured out and American blood was not.

BUT I am not hopeful. It seems to be the established order of things—the only fact that does not change in a ceaselessly changing world—that Great Britain shall pay everybody in full, but extend generosity and forgiveness to her own creditors. What the reaction of America will be to this situation I do not know. But it is more than probable that the answer's a Mellon.

MEANWHILE London continues to bear up, to open new hotels and restaurants, to carry on successfully with those which have been open for some time, and generally to be cheerful. Quaglino's Restaurant, in Bury Street, seems to defy the rule that an ultra-fashionable restaurant is extensively patronised for a few months only, the smart crowd, with its usual fickleness, moving on to any other place that happens to be the rage of the moment. Plenty of well-known folk continue to lunch there, and to turn up after Covent Garden or a theatre to dance on, if I may say so, the Quaglinoleum.

The band at Quaglino's is small, but good. The band at the May Fair is also good, but it is large and it is Ambrose's. For one should expect quantity as well as quality in a band that costs no less than £25,000 a year. For I hear that Ambrose has just completed a two-years' contract at a payment of £50,000, and has renewed this engagement for a further two years, which makes his the highest-paid dance band in the country. Each individual member of the band earns something in the neighbourhood of £2,000 a year, for recording for the gramophone brings in an extra lump for everybody concerned. H.M.V. have recently issued some H.M.V. dance records, and very good they are.

THE Lyceum is well filled on Chaliapine nights, but the two opera seasons manage to exist side by side quite comfortably. For Covent Garden is finding Italian opera a sure magnet for attracting both musical people and the fashionables, who, in more cases than is generally supposed, happen to coincide. Col. Blois, who is a keen musician as well as the possessor of a sound organising brain, has the courage of his convictions. He is convinced (and so am I) that Verdi's *Falstaff* is a magnificent opera. So he has put it on

Photographs *Saska*

MISS ADA PEACOCK

One of the most talented of our theatrical dress designers, who has made a big name for herself. She has designed the dresses for several important Cochran productions

Keystone

Rehearsing one of the tableaux which were a feature of the Speed-Ball at the Dorchester Hotel on the Tuesday of last week. Organised by the Air League, it was held in aid of the Air League Scholarship and Education Fund and the R.A.F. Memorial Fund

at Covent Garden this season in spite of its reputation for drawing only thin houses. The Colonel's courage has been rewarded, for although the first performance was not supported as were some of the German operas (*Die Walküre* drew the largest audience in the whole history of the theatre), subsequent performances have seen audiences that were large as well as enthusiastic, from Lord Justice Scrutton to the Sitwells.

S

THIS week a brand-new opera, *Fedra*, never heard before outside Italy, is to be produced. Yet there are perverse people who continue to declare that Covent Garden is stick-in-the-mud and only plays for safety, but they are in the minority, and opera-lovers generally are not slow to appreciate and support any new venture with the same enthusiasm that they display towards old and tried favourites. No amount of petty cavilling will convince me that Covent Garden opera is suffering from sleepy-sickness in any form.

BY BAIRD

"This slimming craze is merely a revival of an old-fashioned custom"

"How so?"

"Well, 'grace before meat, you know"

SIDELIGHT ON BATTLE

Seymour Hicks, who produced, adapted and stars in the new British film "Glamour," is indignant with the film critic of the "Daily Express" for his attack, which he describes as vulgar nonsense

THE Movie Critic writes, and having writ
Receives from him whom he has harshly hit
A spate of verbal arrows freshly dipped
Within the well of Seymour's barbèd wit.

For those who seek to hurl unwelcome bricks
At films produced and acted in by Hicks
Throw but a boomerang which swift recoils
About their own proud heads within two ticks.

Claud Harris

ELEONORE MARRA

An attractive and clever young dancer. She is appearing in the Russian Ballet season which, with Russian Opera, is enjoying a successful season at the Lyceum Theatre

O thou who seek'st a British film to slate,
Be warned and pause ere yet you be too late—
Lest angry Thespians arise in wrath
And wage fierce battle with the Fourth Estate.

But when the actor and the critic fight,
What boots it which be wrong and which be right?
The final victory does not rely
Upon a writer's or a player's might.

Remember, then, before you come to blows,
The only one to make or mar film shows
Is he who pays good cash to buy a seat—
"HE knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!"

B. W.

THOSE JOLLY "GOOD COMPANIONS"

One of the big successes of the theatrical season is "The Good Companions" at His Majesty's Theatre, and the picture above shows the delectable scene when Jerry Jerningham (Jack Clewes), the male beauty of the Pierrot Troupe, sees a chance of living wealthily ever after by yielding to the elderly charms of Lady Partlit (Margaret Yarde)

Miss Trant (Edith Sharpe), as readers of J. B. Priestley's book may remember, financed the Pierrot Troupe and christened them The Good Companions. She is here seen with Inigo Jollifant (John Gielgud), ex-schoolmaster, whose music made the show a success. Inset: Jess Oakroyd (Edward Chapman), round whom the story revolves

One of the finest scenes in this play is that shown above, the Market Place at Ribsden, where Jess Oakroyd (Edward Chapman) discovers himself to be a handyman and capable of selling india-rubber toys to the nobility and gentry of this Midland town. It has been revealed that many well-known actors and actresses, hard hit by the depression, play the part of supers in this super-production

THE LAST OF THEIR LINE—No. 5

MR. (OR MISS) WAMBLE

"'Any guy here that ain't all out to make it snappy from the word 'Go' can just go take a running jump at himself'"

By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Illustrated by W. DE GROOT

EVERY four years on Founder's Day (February 29th) the traditional ancient ceremony of throwing at the Warden of St. Boanerges', Oxbridge, a mediæval leather purse containing three bright new farthings and a bit of old nutmeg is carried out by all the members of that College in turn.

St. Boanerges', one of the oldest foundations of Oxbridge University, was founded in 1240 by Alastair, Earl of Thryft, commonly known as Alastair Bourse-Fermée, a Scottish nobleman; and thus for nearly 700 years the College has, in accordance with its pious founder's devout intention, subsisted entirely on private charity. The senior don is Mr. Lucian Wamble, M.A., who was born in 1809 and remembers being patted on the head by George IV. ("Hey, damme?" said George IV, "hey, damme, hey, hey, damme?") Mr. Wamble is one of our leading historical authorities, and his quiet secluded life has unrolled itself uneventfully amid the deep sweet chiming of the Oxbridge bells for one hundred and twenty-two years. If there are any peculiarities attached to this venerable figure, so well remembered in its white-haired stooping courtesy by generations of St. Boanerges' men, they are but two. First, he is perpetually infested by imaginary ladybirds, and the action of plucking these off his sleeve and flinging them angrily away has long become purely mechanical. Second, as many St. Boanerges' men are aware, Mr. Wamble is actually a spinster, his (or her) real name being Lucia Wamble. Miss Wamble disguised herself and became a don in 1830, on the death of George IV, for whom she had entertained a hopeless passion. As Mr. Lucien Wamble she has long since acquired a reputation in England and Germany.

It will be remembered that when the Government took over the major English Universities early this year at the recommendation of a commission of business men and reorganised them in accordance with the needs of our age, St. Boanerges became a National Super-Talkie College. The new Warden, a Mr. Julius Heinz, summoned all the dons immediately on taking office and addressed them in Hall.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Heinz rapidly, rubbing his hands, "I got just one thing to say. We gotta snap into it. We gotta snap into it right now, and any guy here that ain't all out to make it snappy from the word 'Go,'" said Mr. Heinz, raising his voice, "can just go take a running jump at himself. O.K. And what," said Mr. Heinz, pointing a jewelled finger, "is that, for Hell's sweet sake?"

Mr. Lucian Wamble (as we must henceforth call her), one hand curved behind his venerable ear and the other busily engaged in expelling imaginary ladybirds from his sleeve, perceived that he was being addressed, and bowed politely.

"Listen, big boy," said Mr. Heinz soberly, "that vaude act you got there may be some wow on the Stoll circuit, but it don't go with me. O.K.?"

Mr. Wamble, still puzzled, bowed again. After the address he gathered from a fellow don that the new Warden regarded him, Mr. Wamble, as one large pain in the neck.

"One is—er—rather at a loss, so to speak——" began Mr. Wamble in dismay.

"Well, I'll be seeing you," said the don, hurrying away.

Next day work at the College began in earnest. On the Government's behalf Mr. Heinz had undertaken to produce a talking version, with sound and effects, of Mr. H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*: a super-super educational and sex talkie with the provisional title *Kisses of Shame*. And almost before Mr. Wamble and his fellow dons had begun work on the scenario Mr. Heinz entered and said they would have to write in some snappy dialogue for a trained chimpanzee.

"'That bozo's tough,' said Mr. Heinz, chewing bitterly at a cigar. 'But, gee, I'll fix him'"

"'We'll have the two lions first chase some guy through the forest and devour him. Whadya know about that?'"

"One would —er— *surely* hardly venture——" began Mr. Wamble.

"Step on it," said Mr. Heinz briefly, striding away.

The scenario took a long time to complete, for every morning Mr. Heinz produced some new ideas, and the dons would have to scrap half their work and begin again, writing in fresh dialogue and effects for the chimpanzee, Jack Hylton's band, a set of love-birds, Sophie Tucker, a German tragedian, two elephants, Nervo and Knox, a carillon of handbells, the Duncan Sisters, and other novelties. The film opened in a London night-club, with flash-backs to the Stone Age, Babylon, Egypt and Ancient Rome, and the theme song, "You're Just One Big Outline of Love to Me," came in quite early. Before the scenario was half finished six of the dons of St. Boanerges had died, worn out with all the rush and noise and bullying. Fresh dons were imported from other colleges, but academic life had little fitted them for a great national modern industry, and they, too, collapsed and passed away. The two elephants employed in the Ancient Rome orgy scene broke loose and trampled on two more, rendering them unfit henceforth for intellectual pursuits. Only Mr. Lucian Wamble, courteous and indefatigable, remained at his post, unmoved by all the yelling. The malevolent little eyes of Mr. Heinz flickered as they watched him.

"That bozo's tough," said Mr. Heinz, chewing bitterly at a cigar. "But, gee, I'll fix him."

THE "shooting" of the great film had now reached an exciting point. The hero, after many adventures, found himself lost in the African Bush, surrounded by wild gorillas and lions. There were very striking sound-effects of wild gorillas drumming on their chests and lions roaring, and a bit of good dialogue from the hero, who had been reading a book by Herbert Spencer.

"This is a grand little book and I'm glad I had it along. It says that in the perfect society the scope of the individual is fully determined alike by the individual's capacities and by his environment of other individuals. Well, I don't know, it seems to me all that matters is just the love of the sweetest little girl in the world."

As he said this two huge lions sprang out and attacked him. Mr. Heinz was most dissatisfied with the production of this scene. "Aw, gwan," he said, "there's no kick to it." At length, after half-a-dozen conferences with his assistants, writers, actors, technicians, electricians, and the rest, he hit on an idea which was rapturously applauded.

"Boys," he said, "we'll have the two lions first chase some guy through the forest and devour him. Whadya know about that?"

There was renewed enthusiasm.

"O.K.," said Mr. Heinz. His glittering eye rested on the unconscious figure of Mr. Lucian Wamble, M.A., who, one hand behind his ear and the other scooping off ladybirds with a faint smile, had not heard a single word.

EVERYONE remembers the sensational headlines in the newspapers two days later. While the great British super-film "Kisses of Shame" was in process of production two magnificent African lions broke loose. Mr. Julius Heinz, the famous producer, received a State funeral and was buried in the Abbey near Chaucer, amid national mourning. The other five victims were also honoured in accordance with their importance. To the newspaper reporters Mr. Lucian Wamble, M.A., of St. Boanerges', Oxbridge, said: "I do not know how it occurred. Somebody pushed me forward violently just as the lions were released from their cage. I managed to avoid the first lion, and Mr. Heinz ordered me to be pushed forward again. Both lions gnawed me and succeeded eventually in breaking my fountain-pen. They also broke a piece of whalebone. When they had gnawed me for some time they seemed dissatisfied and leapt on the others present. I was then able to rise and shake off a great number of ladybirds which had collected on my sleeve."

Mr. Wamble smilingly added: "I am retiring from film work because I am no longer young. In 1820 I was patted by George IV, and in 1839 on a holiday in Russia I was squeezed by a bear, but I have never been gnawed by lions before."

In his retirement Mr. Wamble is preparing a monograph on Elizabethan economics. He (or she) thinks the talkies are still in their infancy.

D. B. W. L.

"PAN TRIUMPHANT"

A remarkable new painting by the well-known artist, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson. It is on view at the Exhibition of the National Society of Artists, which is being held this month at 195, Piccadilly, W.

THE CHARM OF BEAUTIFUL JEWELLERY

Miss Jessie Matthews wearing a diamond and ruby suite, unique in style and setting and almost priceless. Inset, she is seen wearing a diamond hair slide and a perfectly matched and graded pearl necklace, which took years to collect and with each pearl worth a fortune in itself. The jewellery seen above is included in the Exhibition of Precious Jewels held in the showrooms of J. Chaumet et Cie, the Bruton Street jewellers

GROWING-UP TIME: SOME SOCIETY

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Piers Plowden, the wife of Capt. Piers Plowden, late Royal Scots Greys, with her little sons, Giles and Julian. She is the daughter of Major E. A. Critchley, of Stapleton Tower, Annan

Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale with daughter, Rain. One of the most po Younger Set, she is also well known appear under the name of Ba

Lenare

(Left) Lady Spickernell and her daughter, Suzan face the photographer. Her husband, Sir Frank Spickernell, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., was secretary to the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty from 1919 to 1927

(Righ the u Curti daug christ Mrs. the

CIETY MOTHERS AND THEIR KIDDIES

Dorothy Wilding

McCorquodale with her delightful little One of the most popular members of the e is also well known by her novels, which nder the name of Barbara Cartland

Lenare

Mrs. Carlos Clarke with her bonnie little son, Jeremy John. The eldest daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Robson, she married Mr. Peter Carlos Clarke in 1929

Lenare

kernell and uzan face er. Her r Frank .E., C.B., ecretary to ord of the 1919 to

Lenare

(Right) Mrs. P. P. Curtis, the wife of Major P. P Curtis, with her little daughter, who was recently christened Glenda Kidston Mrs. Curtis is a sister of the late Commander Glen Kidston

SHANKLIN CHINE—ONE OF ENGLAND'S BEAUTY SPOTS

The Isle of Wight—well named the Jewel of England—where flowers bloom in profusion, looks at its loveliest in late Spring, when the trees are adorned with fresh foliage

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

BRIGHT STORY

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST

Illustrated by LEO BATES

It was Gold Cup Day, and half-past seven in the morning. The June sun shafted down on the vacant London streets, where the rattle of milk bottles in their metal baskets broke the crystalline silence. It shafted obliquely on to the sober façade of the Duke of Portsmead's house in Grosvenor Square, and Henry the footman, coming shirt-sleeved up the area steps on some mysterious errand of his own, noted absently the customary aspects of early morning—the white-blinded windows of rooms still darkened for sleeping, and the sinuous black cat that oozed between the railings.

Similar dusty rays illumined the red-brick terrace called Madeleine Grove, in Putney, where in number twenty-seven Mr. Edward Ponsonby awoke, and, having looked at the watch that hung by the bed, roused his wife by giving a small, pompous cough, and himself stalked majestically to the bathroom.

His thoughts as he shaved were, contrary to their custom, disturbing. His blue eyes, regarding in the mirror the thin hair, the pointed nose, and the unexpectedly firm mouth beneath the military moustache that usually gave him a satisfactory sense of distinction, were anxious, pathetic almost. So they criticised his work, did they? One might as well criticise the Court of St. James's.

"For God's sake, Ponsonby," had been the editor's explicit terms last night, "ginger up that gossip of yours. And get more news stories—or I'm afraid . . ."

"Ginger," applied to a column of such dignity as to rival the Court announcements in *The Times*! How ludicrously ignorant and stupid, he thought, hastening to cover the insult. He realised now that they had been nagging at him for weeks.

But then (Mr. Ponsonby sharpened his razor), gossip columns were sadly altered. Your "Man in Mayfair" had to be a pushing little upstart like Sutton of *The Echo*, or an impoverished Duke's son with a high-powered car and a blatant manner. No longer were the Ponsonbys—decent, underpaid men, steering a careful course between familiarity and sycophancy, befriended by dowagers because they never said the wrong thing, never betrayed in print an unwary confidence—given due space for their restrained announcements. And one had to be young. Mr. Ponsonby was sixty-one.

Ginger up that gossip . . . Ginger . . . Ginger, sounded the breakfast gong. Nag, nag, brighter, brighter. But at home, at least, one held the old prestige. Over *The Times* Mr. Ponsonby glared at his wife, a meek woman who had a horrid habit of breathing gently upon a spoonful of too-hot tea.

"Really, my dear Edith," he said, coughing again to drown the small blowing sound, and pulling down his striped waistcoat, "really, you must speak to Mary about her appearance. She had on a filthy apron when she brought in my kipper." This set Mrs. Ponsonby's thoughts off on a wild trail after a suitably tactful way of conveying the required information to Mary without indelicate mention of either dirt or apron. . . .

After he had absorbed the Society announcements Mr. Ponsonby turned to his letters. Handley's bill for the furniture again; that subscription to the club in Albemarle Street; Please would *dear* Mr. Ponsonby give a word to the Waifs' and Strays' Bazaar; an exhibition of needlework pictures; "Dear father, I am sorry, but I shall have to ask you for some more money. . . ."

"Herbert," said Mr. Ponsonby, frowning, "appears to consider me a millionaire. I gave him twenty pounds at Whitsun, and here he wants more. I positively cannot do it, with the rent to be paid this month. If it had not been that you wanted him to go to Oxford—but read that," and he flung the letter, with its blue-crested heading, on to his wife's plate, pushed back his brown plush chair from the shiny brown table, and, as if to sweep from his mind all squalid cares of overdue rent, servants' aprons and furniture by instalments, added, in a voice grown suddenly rich and courtly: "And, by the way, Edith, the Duchess of Portsmead—what a charming woman she is—spoke to me yesterday at Ascot and asked most kindly after you." But Mrs. Ponsonby, thinking of Herbert and his timid little debts (for he was an unenterprising and careful boy), merely said, "Good-bye, dear, don't work too late," as she held up her cheek for his accustomed kiss.

At the office, having wrapped sheets of clean paper about his starched cuffs, he selected a few contributions which, he thought, seemed to supply the required ginger in the "Man in Mayfair's" mixture for the following day. There was something about an actress's pet jaguar, and as the actress happened to be Lady Hillbury's daughter, it could go. A note from the editor asked him, "What are the women wearing? Get a bright Gold Cup Day story."

"My God," said Mr. Ponsonby, clutching his head in both his hands and groaning aloud, "I shall protest, I really shall." And he strode out into the reporters' room, forgetting to remove his paper cuff protectors, and feeling that a man in a morning coat, marching between the serried desks, was not to be trifled with. Here he met Sexton, of the leader page, who said, "Heard the latest? The old man's sacked Williams now. God knows who's going next!" before disappearing like a rabbit into his office. But Sexton knew the Deity's mind; he reflected that poor old Ponsonby would be hard put to it to get another job at his age, even although he knew by sight everyone in Debrett over the age of forty-five. Sexton himself might do worse than put in for the appointment at once; he would ask for better expenses than Ponsonby got, for he at least

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had a good tailor and the sense not to wear a double collar with morning dress. . . .

Ponsonby meanwhile looked at the clock, said to the air, "Dear me! I shall miss that Ascot train," and deflected his course from the editor's room to the lavatory. . . .

ON all the green chairs under the trees people were fanning themselves with their race cards. The sun blazed down on the Paddock, and Mr. Ponsonby's eyes dazzled with light and colour. Bright green grass and trees; white-painted railing; red brick; vermilion, white, purple and gold silks of the jockeys (for the horses were being paraded); the horses' tightly stretched, glistening chestnut coats; and women, like yachts under sail, with their vivid dresses billowing over the turf. Mr. Ponsonby, having no badge for the Enclosure, grasped his vacant lapel with his left hand to conceal the absence of that important disc, and strolled with dignity on his round.

There was Lady Alley, in a preposterous Edwardian hat with a white ostrich plume; now the Duke of Durcombe, the usual carnation in his buttonhole, talking to the Prince; now the Dimbleberry twins—without whom, Mr. Ponsonby thought bitterly, gossip columns would be mild and gingerless indeed—dressed exactly alike in what he took to be the stuff used for the inner curtains of windows. (What harsh, uncompromising light! And how clean and sharp were all the multitudinous colours of the scene, just like the Munnings that Mr. Ponsonby had admired so much in the Academy.) He worried over his dress problem for five minutes—rather against his principles, as the twins' mother had been divorced—before gaining the sudden inspiration, "ice-blue organdie with cartwheel hats to match." He noted the phrase on his race card, with an added hieroglyphic to remind him that ankle-length dresses and lace sunshades would make a lead for his fashion story.

HE avoided the little group of journalists gathered round the entrance to the Enclosure, since he liked to bow to his many friends unembarrassed by the evidences of his profession. He bowed now, sweeping off his hat, which had little scratch-like marks on it where the silk had rubbed, as the Duchess of Portsmead, with her daughter Lady Gertrude Glessing, smiled graciously in his direction. Mr. Ponsonby beamed to himself and held his head high as he replaced his hat. A charming woman, he thought again, contemplating her retreating back, and noting the violet taffeta dress, the lace bertha, and the violet parasol with its lace frill; and a kind woman, one who divided her life between Girl Guides and the committee meetings for innumerable charity balls. Really, said Mr. Ponsonby to himself, I am proud to know such a truly great lady—for the two united qualities, high birth and high morals, evoked his frank and unfeigned devotion.

LADY GERTRUDE, too, was a delightful girl—woman, rather, he supposed he should say now, for she must be thirty-five—so unlike those hard-featured young things with uniformly lacquered faces and hats on the backs of their heads. . . . But the hard-featured young things, the Dimbleberry twins and their set, supplied ginger to gossip columns; and just at that moment, as the bell rang shrilly and people began to troop back to the Enclosure, Mr. Ponsonby came upon Lord Rebley, of the *Morning Clarion*, surrounded by a crowd of them. "Darling, I'll give you something for your little paper . . . too, too scandalous for words," said one, who, for some incalculable reason was dressed in early Victorian costume, poke bonnet and all. Lord Rebley's small, pointed head seemed to disappear into the recesses of the poke bonnet. "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Ponsonby acidly, pushing his way past the group.

He was tired by tea-time; it was far too hot. Standing unobserved near the rails Mr. Ponsonby ran his handkerchief round his wilting collar. Under his shirt the sweat trickled down his breast-bone; his feet ached. His depression, dispelled by brief conversations with benignant dowagers, descended upon him like a sullen cloud. They had got rid of Williams; they would get rid of him. Age and hard work availed nothing against youth and "brightness." Some heaven-sent scoop might save him, the sort

"Darling, I'll give you something for your little paper . . . too, too scandalous for words"

of thing young women whispered to Rebley under poke bonnets. . . . Ah, Lady Dart with Lionel Sisley, she in shell-pink chiffon with sunshade to match. . . . But, he resumed in his mind, one must have come to very low water to touch such scandals after a lifetime devoted to the faithful chronicling of the right and glorious things—dual births, marriages and deaths; Ascot and Goodwood; the Opera; the musical parties of dowagers and all their charitable works. . . .

He drifted towards the other side of the course, taking the opportunity of peering at the badges near him so that he could add more and yet more faces to his meticulously arranged gallery of nobility. On the parched grass the less notables sat drinking tea from thermos lids, the sun glittered on the lucent flanks of a thousand motors, and the arid air was shattered with confused shouting. Ahead of him, near the Guards' tent, Mr. Ponsonby caught sight of the Duchess of Portsmead, deep in conversation with—who was it? Of course, Lady Susan Holme; they were old friends, as he had told the world only the other day. He tried to insinuate himself through the intervening wedge of people, but his way was barred by a gigantic, smiling negro, bedizened with bright blankets and feathers, and his chance of joining the Duchess's party was for the moment lost.

Suddenly he found himself immediately behind them, almost treading upon the violet silk that trailed vaguely at the Duchess's heels. But he paused before speaking; she seemed unusually agitated, and held Lady Susan's arm as she spoke in a low, urgent voice. He walked slowly behind them, waiting for his opportunity to say, as he always did, "Ah, *Duchess*," in the significant and courtly tones that old ladies found so flattering, and all the fatigues of the day seemed to culminate in that moment.

PERHAPS it was for this reason, perhaps because the shifting crowd hemmed him in, that he did not immediately move away when he heard the Duchess say quickly: "Susan, I cannot think what to do; Anthony says he will certainly marry Honey Kerr, whatever kind of reputation she has. He says they are engaged; but I hope his father and I can stop it. If only it doesn't get into the papers—we could do nothing then. . . ."

So that was how one stumbled on a first-class scoop. . . . Mr. Ponsonby, emerging somehow by the rails outside the Enclosure, realised he had a bad headache and removed his hat. He did not think. He seemed to be looking at

one of those outdoor news-reels shown in Oxford Street, with the idiotic electric letters running smoothly alone. "Twenty-year-old Viscount to Wed Well-known Woman About Town." No, they could never put it quite as bluntly as that, but in the paper they would sum up all the implications with the name, "Honey Kerr." "Exclusive *Daily Recorder* News." It was simply a godsend, he considered dimly as the horses thudded past, shaking the ground; this nagging fear in his mind—he held his hand to his head for an instant—would be banished, if not for ever, at least for a time.

He straightened himself, glanced at the coloured crowd strolling up and down in the Enclosure, and walked quickly across the Paddock. Back to the office . . . write the story . . . and "bright" it would be, certainly! But, my God! (and at this point he stopped dead in the dim, concrete passage that led from the course to the station), my God! he thought, what am I doing? And suddenly he saw himself bowing over the freckled hand of the Duchess, heard her kindly, rather rough voice asking, "How is your wife, Mr. Ponsonby?" remembered again that she had once said to him, "I know I can trust you to handle such and such a matter" (he almost laughed to think that it had been a tea-party for the Girl Guides) "really *nicely*." The tin roof, the passage echoed his footsteps, and the hard, tapping footsteps of a short, fat woman in front of him, driving the arguments back and forth. If I do this . . . sell a confidence, and not even a confidence, something which I have overheard . . . I shall never be able to look the Duchess in the face again, thought Mr. Ponsonby miserably. But it was not the Duchess's face, and his possible failure to look upon it that influenced his mind; he knew that if he wrote his column of betrayal his religion would be gone. For the truth was that the English aristocracy was his God, and Debrett his Bible. . . .

So it was that, passing the maimed sailor who sang in the grass by the path to the wheeze of a barrel-organ, he said firmly, shutting his thin mouth like a spring, "No." "No," he said to the beat of the engine, and, surprising the dramatic critic who sat in the same room; "no," to the faint roar of machines that broke against the walls of his office. He wrote his paragraphs, about Lady Dart's chiffon and the Duke of Durcombe's buttonhole, in his usual dignified periods, conscientiously recording exact colours, exact relationships. He wrote his half-column about the ankle-length dresses. "Strewth!" said the news editor, "can't you do better than this, Ponsonby? It's like a funeral. It must be gingered up. . . ."

The dramatic critic noticed that old Ponsonby looked tired as he took his silk hat from the peg—quite grey in the face. He had heard the rumours. "Poor old chap," he thought; "thinks himself God Almighty. This sudden brighter-news campaign of the old man's will hit him hard."

The dramatic critic had for once diagnosed a situation with absolute correctness. Early the next morning a young City clerk, sculling down the river below Putney Bridge, found first a silk hat, and then, within a few minutes, a body, lying face downwards in the shallow water by the bank. The clerk was, as he told a colleague later, thoroughly upset by these discoveries, and had it not been for the diverting piece of news that had caught his eye, as he travelled rather late from Putney, in the front page of the *Morning Clarion* about a young lord marrying the notorious Mrs. Kerr, he might, he said, have been sick in the train out of sheer nerves.

V. S.-W.

"Don't think for a minute you are going to marry my daughter!"

"Fine! You get me out of this mess and I'm your friend for life!"

NO LAWN TENNIS TO-DAY

Creates such universal interest as do the Championships at Wimbledon, and the eyes of the world will shortly be focused on the Centre Court, where so many keen battles will be fought. Next week's BYSTANDER will be a special

LAWN TENNIS NUMBER

Containing, in addition to all the usual features, special articles and pictures dealing with the Championships. It will be to your VANTAGE to RALLY round and buy next week's number. Don't COURT disaster but order now.

ON SALE WEDNESDAY ONE SHILLING

FILM NOTES

SEYMOUR HICKS RECRUITS FLEET STREET

BY LIONEL COLLIER

Henry Garthorne (Seymour Hicks), an actor, falls in love with a beautiful girl, Lady Betty Enfield (Margot Grahame), but her father (Basil Gill) forces Garthorne to give her up. A scene in "Glamour," a film made by B.I.P. at Elstree

Richard Wells and his mother (Ellalaine Terriss), whose honour is involved in the new British film, "Glamour," an original story written by Seymour Hicks, in which Beverley Nichols makes his first screen appearance

I YIELD to no one in my admiration of Seymour Hicks as a stage actor. He has that rare gift of versatility which does not always insist that he shall be Seymour Hicks—in the same way as John Barrymore is always John Barrymore. But while I admire him as a stage actor, I fail to appreciate him as a director of screen plays, as an author of the same, and as the leading character all in one.

Take his latest picture, "Glamour," now at the London Pavilion, in which he has done all these things. It is a very mechanical story about a fashionable actor-manager, father of an illegitimate child, who falls in love with a Society girl with whom his unexpected son is enamoured.

S

THE girl's father knows the position, and in order to save trouble of a somewhat invidious nature gets Seymour Hicks to repulse the young girl by getting disgustingly drunk at a dinner-party.

Shades of "David Garrick"—and very pale shades at that!

There is polish and elegance in Seymour Hicks's performance, but in attempting the impossible he lets his fellow-artists suffer. He has, in fact, given himself a very good part, but for the rest nothing much remains.

It is definitely a one-man show, and one-man shows are apt to be boring. "Glamour" is no exception.

Not content with a cast which includes Ellaline Terriss, Basil Gill, Bromley Davenport, David Hawthorne, and Margot Grahame—all artists whom any American producer would have been glad to assemble in a picture—he has seen fit to give the juvenile lead to a young journalist, Beverley Nichols.

S

I AM quite prepared to believe that the said journalist is a very good one, and I am equally prepared to state that he ought to stick to journalism.

Quite apart from other considerations there are dozens of capable young actors who could do infinitely better justice to a difficult part than Nichols, who walks through it with a most refined Oxford accent and an entire lack of histrionic ability.

S

I HOPE that in his next picture Seymour Hicks will let someone else write the story, someone else direct him, and rely only on that infinite capacity for characterisation which he so admirably expresses, for by setting himself the task of undertaking too many responsibilities he is not fair to himself. But if he wishes to continue recruiting Fleet Street, I suggest that he puts Lord Beaverbrook into a patriotic squire rôle, with Hannen Swaffer as the prodigal son, and perhaps even James Douglas as the heavy but spiritual father. Light relief by Tom Webster and Low would add gaiety to the proceedings.

S

WITH just two reservations I recommend a visit to "Rango," the latest nature picture at the Plaza. These reservations are due to the engineered cruelty which is getting more and more apparent in films of this nature.

To my mind, nothing is more interesting or entertaining on the screen than an insight into animal life, and the screen has a monopoly of it. Why, then, should he be misguided enough to spoil a perfectly beautiful production of human and monkey life in Sumatra by trying to give dramatic effect through inflicting unnecessary suffering on the animals employed in the film is beyond me.

One of the chief characters in this brilliantly produced picture is a young ape. Towards the end tragedy is introduced by allowing a tiger to kill it.

To follow this we have a fight between a water buffalo and a tiger, in which the latter is gored to death.

It is realistic, thrilling and disgustingly sadistic. To get animals to fight to make a cinema holiday is beneath contempt.

S

IF these scenes are cut I could not advise you to see anything more fascinating than "Rango." The monkeys are so facially expressive, humorous, pathetic and intelligent, that many a human actor might well envy their histrionic powers.

Technically it is beautiful, and the producer, Ernest D. Shoedsack, has collated his material so well that in some instances it is poetic in its pictorial symphonies.

MADELEINE CARROLL—A BRITISH "STILL"

A remarkably fine "still" of Madeleine Carroll as she appears in "Fascination," the new British film produced by Clayton Hutton, which shows that when we go to the trouble we can beat the Americans at their own game. Apropos the above photograph, Mr. Hutton says, "One of the first fundamentals of the motion-picture business is to have good still pictures for the use of critics and art editors. Before starting production on my first picture I had a special studio built with the latest equipment." His enterprise and foresight are more than justified by the photograph seen on this page

OUR RACY CLOTHES

By
Blanche B. Elliott

The beauty of the modern line is exemplified in this furless summer coat by Worth of green cloth. Just indicated is the line of the slim high waist, the wide cuff and the novelty of the deep, wide revers
Model Worth

THERE *may* be some race meetings when the horses are the most important event, but there are certainly others when it is the frocks that take the field. In Paris the big race meetings are, above all, the occasions to launch new modes, and la grande semaine accents the season's most successful styles. It is the final Paris staging of frocks before the fashionable ones betake themselves to gay watering-places. Mannequins from the most important houses are there in the newest creations, but the vraie élégante—who does not court such publicity and is far less obtrusive and difficult to locate—is the real one who matters, and not the exaggerated mannequin the Press photographers pursue.

IN England the race meeting is not such a great frock parade occasion, except Ascot, Gold Cup day, and Goodwood. We have even made Ascot a dress tradition (everything *must* be traditional with us), and it will take more than a mere thunderstorm, or even a snowstorm, to banish the vision of a parade of fair women the very name of Ascot conjures up. Still, one feels last year has had some effect, and that those who are in the habit of really letting themselves go in frankly extravagant clothes will exercise more restraint. It is always a little more difficult to be chic in a picture frock than in a tailor-made, but even the modern race frock should never lose its "line." Those who have an ungovernable passion for flowing draperies should bear this in mind. Undoubtedly the jeune fille looks best in this type of frock, while the older woman has to rely more on her grooming and style.

SUCH materials as lace, crisp organdie, or broderie anglaise seem peculiarly suitable for these occasions, and it is interesting to see the exquisite qualities that cotton is assuming in its great bid for a return to popularity. Incidentally, as one of our staple industries, we should foster such fashion tendencies. A charming novelty, by the way, was shown by Lelong—who has used cotton fabric quite a good deal this season—in a filmy organdie printed in a large plaid design and worn with a black velvet coat. Chiffon is, of course, a prime favourite if one is not a little weary of this ubiquitous fabric. Printed materials are, of course, seen, but plain colours are often the smartest choice.

THE accompanying coat calls for much ingenuity. Ideal is the short coat of taffeta or dull crêpe or one of the

intriguing new cape scarfs bordered with fur. Of these, Molyneux's is still the most charming example. When fox fur is too prohibitive in price, a substitute for this soft and lovely pelt is flying fox, which is used to border the coat or sleeve. With a frock in a printed design, an effective addition is the transparent short coat in plain mousseline de soie, which blurs the vivid colour design beneath and makes a restful contrast. Skirts are worn longer with the formal, bouffant type of frock than with the printed crêpe de Chine, and for day wear should be *off* the ground.

HATS are varied: enormous, medium-brimmed, with turned-back, one-sided brims, or brimless, with a wide plait, worn right off the hair on one side. The feather-weight, peeled straw is popular, also the fine lacy and the knitted kinds. The little peaked hats over the forehead I mentioned last week will probably not be seriously taken up till the autumn. They will need some getting used to by the conservative, for the first example has already been met with the masculine grumble of "might as well wear a forage cap and be done with it!"

WHAT women wear at Ascot influences fashion everywhere. Even the big couturiers of Paris study the type of garment required for this occasion. One realises if Englishwomen really gave their minds to it how much they could influence the dress world, in which at present they are not taken very seriously. It is really up to them to give their own manufacturers a lead to help our toppling trade regain some of its equilibrium.

AS predicted, the French designers are being influenced by the Colonial exhibition being held in Paris. Agnès is showing hats which clearly betray the fact that she has been looking at African, Indian, or Chinese head-dresses! She shows brimmed hats and capelines, but seems happiest with the turban, and it is not the hat these days so much as the manner in which it is worn that counts!

White broderie anglaise creates this full-skirted frock which has a youthful touch. The square-necked bodice is in black taffeta and ends in a full peplum Model Madeliene

PARIS GOSSIP

WEDDINGS, REVOLUTIONS and ART

BY SYLVIA LYON

THE wedding of the Princesse Isabelle de Broglie, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, née Décazes, to the Comte Olivier de La Moussaye, was varied and unexpected. Instead of a reception following the ceremony at St. Jean le Baptiste at Neuilly, a garden party was held three days preceding the wedding. But as there was a violent thunderstorm the garden party turned indoors. The features of the wedding were the bride's mother, beautiful and smart, in yellow organdie and a little yellow tricorne bearing a little yellow ostrich feather gently touching the neck; the bride's great-aunt, the Princesse Edmond de Polignac, née Winaretta Singer, one of the witnesses, who sat high on a red prie-dieu rather like an orchestra conductor. And why not? for she knows a lot about music and knows what she likes, too, and there is nothing like a high-backed chair for listening to Bach; the ceremony performed by the Abbé Mugnier, the wittiest man in Paris—though not at a wedding.

THE day following the wedding I read in the papers that "the Prince de Polignac entertained last evening at a dinner at the Inter Alliée in honour of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, whose daughter was yesterday married to his son." This was no doubt a great surprise to the Prince de Polignac, as Mrs. Fellowes' daughter was married to the son of the Marquis de la Moussaye (to say nothing of the surprise of the Marquis). But, after all, what is a little mistake in print, when it's all in the family? Just after the world was told that the King of Spain and his family were to spend the month of July at Le Touquet a formal announcement was published by the King's household denying that a sojourn in Le Touquet was planned or even thought of.

THE Princesse Lucien Murat was at a cocktail party given by her daughter-in-law, the Princesse Achille Murat, the other day. The elder Princesse Murat had just returned from London, where she had given a lecture on *L'Aiglon* at the Institut Français, and had so enjoyed herself that she regrets that the custom of public speaking, such as indulged in at Hyde Park, is not copied in Paris: then she would have the time of her life.

Annabella, the new French talkie star, as she appears in one of the scenes in "Le Million," the brilliant comedy produced by René Clair, who was also responsible for "Sous Les Toits de Paris." This film, which met with a great and well-merited success, was recently transferred from the Phœnix Theatre to the Rialto

WHILE discussing events in Spain, Jean-Gabriel Domergue, the portrait painter, said that it is regrettable that whenever a mob becomes rabid its first reaction is to destroy works of art. I suggested that in the event of such destructive emergency a series of bad paintings should be on hand to be quickly hung in place of masterpieces: then let the mob do its worst, and good luck. But Domergue said this was a dangerous idea, as paintings considered bad forty years ago are priceless to-day. I then suggested having a few hundred false paintings on hand. But this scheme, too, has its flaws: if all the false pictures in the world were gathered together at strategic points the world's greatest galleries would be three-quarters empty.

THERE are so many people and art exhibitions in town that, whereas one can see the people, one cannot see the pictures. There is the Laszlo Show at the Charpentier Gallery, the Jean Hugo at the Georges Petit, Beltran-Masses chez Trotti in the Place Vendome, Pavel Tchelitchew (copy this down for word needed to describe a sneeze) at the Vignon, Monet at the Orangerie of the Tuileries, the Byzantine Show at the Arts Decoratifs, the International Book Show at the Petit Palais, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, just returned from Egypt with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, were at the Byzantine Show, while Edith Sitwell was at the sneeze show, where her portrait is being blown—I mean shown.

PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE (whose own picture show opened in London on the tenth) was at the Laszlo Exhibition, which was opened by Lord Tyrrell, and also there were Prince Andrew of Greece, all the Kapurthalas, Princess Twenty-third of Reuss (so much easier to explain than Princess Henri XXIII of Reuss), Mr. Cavendish

(Continued on page 611)

Schweppes
GINGER ALE

In clear golden sparkle and lively character Schweppes Ginger Ale is a veritable non-alcoholic champagne.

BY SOGATA

A VICTORIAN FANTASY

PARIS GOSSIP (*continued from page 608*)

Bentinck, Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, Madame Jacques Balsan, the Grand Duke Dmitri, and the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld. . . . Prince Alvaro de Bourbon-Orleans, the fiancé of the Infanta Beatriz, was at the Beltran show with his mother, and so were the Prince and Princesse Sixte de Bourbon, the latter of whom is going on another big-game and exploration tour of an undiscovered part of Africa in December. An excellent place, too, to try one's flair for exploration is at any of the current exhibitions. Don't shoot that lion; it might be the Marchesa Casati. Alain Gerbault was also at the Exhibition, sailing right into his own portrait, just like a hero, in order to avoid upsetting Princess Aage of Denmark.

S

AND off to the Colonial Exhibition in a cloud of dust: Various impressions: near the Zoo (really and truly those monkeys sitting on that huge rock should wear trousers) there is a tea place called "Oana Moana." The dancers are supposed to be from Martinique, but "Oana Moana" sounds Hawaiian to me. And the dance they do is really the biguine (you biguine and I'll finish), which has been seen and obscene (there, there, don't rush, take your time) at the negro ball in the Rue Blomet. There is something familiar, too, about the music; in fact, it's the Peanut Vendor. It's a small world, isn't it? fancy meeting you here! . . . The most beautiful building is that of the Netherlands. Nothing at the exhibition can compare with it; nothing has been so well done architecturally and the presentation of the exhibits is excellently arranged.

S

ACROSS the road are gorgeous painted Javanese and Sumatran houses and pigeon-roosts set on stilts, and native restaurants, where some of the waiters are in Javanese costume and some in white ducks, but wearing wonderfully chic head-dresses of twisted batiks. . . . The most attractive of the French Colonial pavilions are those of Cameroon and Togo, with a general colour scheme of dark blue, black and white. The ceiling of one is delightfully painted with monkeys, but the huge, glaring chimpanzees realistically rearing out of a jungle in one corner are enough to keep anyone from going out to the Colonies. The companion building (evidently Togo) has ceiling and walls decorated with mounted heads, warrior and hunting gear. . . . In the Algerian building the morbidly curious (even as you and I) watch two sets of sheep, one of which has been given a shot of the Voronoff treatment. Anyone able to tell the difference between the sheep, before and after, will be awarded a valuable prize. (Try and get it.) Watch, before the charmingly stencilled wall of the Belgian Congo pavilion, the flights of trained pigeons. Also watch out for your hat.

S

BACK in town: a new place to dance, "Le Croix du Sud," in the Boulevard Montparnasse. The vestibule is hung in red and blue oil-cloth, and downstairs we seem to discover that the Southern Cross means Australia. The canvas walls are painted blue, with islands outlined in red, and there is the tropic of this and the tropic of that, with painted lines or tightly stretched rope to indicate longitudes and such.

S. L.

Sir Henry Birkin, wearing the garland presented to him by President Cosgrave, photographed with his mechanic, Gabordi Alessandro, after winning the Dublin Grand Prix in Phœnix Park. Six months ago Sir Henry, hearing that a wonderful new Alfa-Romeo car was being built at the State-subsidised factory in Milan, expressed a wish to drive it, but was told that as the firm was concentrating on the Schneider Trophy aeroplane engines it would not be ready in time. However, when Mussolini learnt of Sir Henry's wish, he gave special orders that the work was to be rushed forward, with the result that the car was duly delivered and won the race at a speed of 88·8 m.p.h.

Sir Henry Birkin and the Cavaliere C. Campari, with whom he fought a terrific duel for first place in the Dublin Grand Prix. When Birkin finally passed his rival, at 110 m.p.h., the latter had his eye badly cut by a flying stone, but pluckily carried on until he had to refill at the pits. The result of the race, in which Italian cars occupied first and second places, suggests that British firms might well concentrate more on the designing of powerful and speedy heavy cars to prove their undoubted capability

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

BOOKS, MANNERS AND A MASSEUSE

By "Junius"

I HAVE thoroughly enjoyed two books of memoirs which have come my way this week. One is *After Ten Years* (Cape: 7s. 6d.), by Lady Constance Malleson, who puts her stage name of Colette O'Niel in brackets on her title-page; the other is *Some and Sundry* (Constable: 9s.), by the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge.

Of the two, Mr. Coleridge undoubtedly has a wider view upon life, and—perhaps because he is a barrister and not a woman—his recollections of a long life have a genial impersonality which you don't find in Lady Constance's book. But then her canvas is small in comparison with Mr. Coleridge's. Yet, on that canvas, she is the more vivid of the two.

Lady Constance has what the French call le mot juste—the happy power of throwing a personality on to her pages in a few words with all the definite and clear lines of an etching. She has moved in many worlds. Born of the second marriage of the fifth Lord Annesley, she is step-sister of the present Earl and daughter of the greatly admired Priscilla Countess Annesley. So the early days were passed in what used to be known as "high Society." Then came a yearning for the stage; training at Tree's Dramatic Academy; acting in the provinces and London; marriage to Mr. Miles Malleson, the actor—a marriage which was dissolved.

ONE of her most biting portraits is of the ex-Kaiser. At one time he was her hero, and she "never moved without his portrait in a large green handbag." Years afterwards she met him in Norway. There was a bitter shock. "I thought he looked like an overdressed stockbroker." She dined on board the Hohenzollern, sitting on the ex-Kaiser's left. "I couldn't take my eyes off his hands, which were smothered in rings," she says. "His watch chain, too, was weighted down with jewels; numberless trinkets of jade and amber and turquoise; every conceivable oddment of trash." Then follows one of the most trenchant sentences in the book: "We endured the Emperor again next day."

But there are many interesting people in Lady Constance's book whom she was not called upon to "endure." And I think that everybody will agree that her portraits of Sybil Thorndike, Lady Astor, Bernard Shaw, and Countess Markievicz are as understanding as they are real. A most unusual life for a peer's daughter, and written with an exactness of description and definiteness which many practised writers search for vainly.

WE come to quite another world in Mr. Gilbert Coleridge's *Some and Sundry*. A son of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, after being private secretary to his father he was for many years Assistant Master in the Crown Office of the Supreme Court. Mr. Coleridge is to be envied. He can look back on seventy years and say, "Life has been very pleasant, very good." But from his genial, kindly book you realise, although I think he himself is unconscious of it, that the world has given him what he himself has given the world—humour, understanding, and a wide sympathy.

The book has many good stories of a past generation. Here is one of the famous Jowett, Master of Balliol. He had sent a man down for not passing his examinations. The youth's mother tried vainly to persuade Jowett to alter his decision. "Well," she sobbed, "at any rate my son has been brought up in the right path, and there is one Book to which he will turn for consolation." "He had much better turn to his Greek grammar," was his reply.

Mr. Coleridge, too, gives us an insight into the character of the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston, very different from the generally accepted opinion. "The real inner Curzon was a shy person, conceited, no doubt, and yet by no means contemptuous in spirit, but warm-hearted and generous to those who differed from him. . . . I knew that the haughty, repellent Curzon, whom some people disliked, was not the real man, but that he was a much more lovable and kindly character than most people suspected."

Mr. Coleridge has given us the kindliest, happiest survey of men and matters during the last seventy years. And his final words are that the "good old times" were by no manner of means what quite a number of elderly people would have us believe them to have been.

Marian Lewis

LADY CONSTANCE MALLESON

Whose stage name was Colette O'Niel, has written a book of entertaining reminiscences entitled, "After Ten Years" (Cape: 7s 6d) reviewed on this page

MR. C. S. FORESTER has left murder and adventure to return to the wholly romantic in *Two and Twenty* (The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d.). And a delightful romance it is. Cyril Leigh, aspiring to write poetry rather than be a doctor, departs from his family and retires to a poor lodging in South London, where he hopes to achieve fame with his typewriter. But, reduced almost to starvation, he takes to prize-fighting. The description of the ring and one of Leigh's fights is one of the best things Mr. Forester has done. Then success comes to him through his poems. But in his last fight he had injured one of his hands. This has to be massaged, and, since he is poor, he has to go to a hospital. There he falls in love with the masseuse, Lucia, who likewise is a first-class hockey player, and who likewise falls in love with him. Because of the opposition of her family, they marry secretly. Leigh takes up his medical studies again; Lucia goes in for massage on her own account; and then, all out of the blue, he finds himself a famous poet, but finally again takes up medicine, and all is well in the best possible of worlds. A refreshing story of two delightful young people.

HERE are three novels I can recommend. First, *Pacific Gold* (Collins: 7s. 6d.), in which Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole pours out the glamour of the Pacific. Then *The Silver Ship* (Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d.), by Captain Dingle, which is about sunken treasure and grips your interest from first to last. The third is *The Partner* (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.), by Jenaro Prieto, translated by B. de Roig and G. Dowler; the story of Frankenstein over again—a book of fascinating horror.

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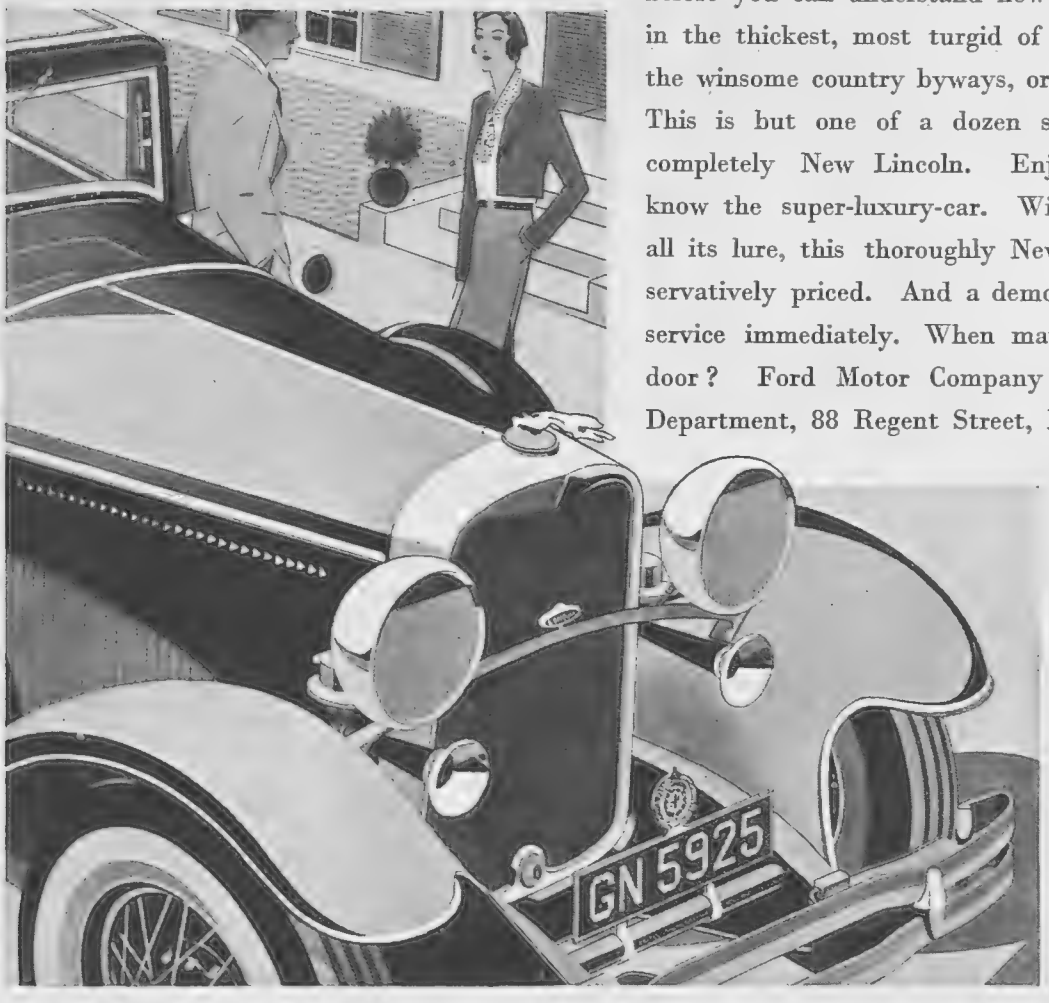

LINCOLN

FLYING NOTES

A Tour Through France

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Mrs. A. S. Butler, wife of the Chairman of the De Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd., with her Puss Moth, which made the best time of any Puss Moth in the London and Newcastle Air Race and at 143.6 m.p.h. averaged the second fastest speed of any machine. Koolmotor Petrol was the motive power

The Heston Spring Cruise

THE second Spring Cruise for members of Heston Air Park has ended after a successful tour of France. The organisation of the flight was carried out by Airwork with the assistance of the Société Générale des Huiles de Petrole, the French branch of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, who provided fuel at every point of call, and even presented members of the cruise with a mounted map of France in a leather envelope which also contained telegraph forms, a list of telephone numbers, addresses, and instructions to be used in the case of a forced landing: a very useful piece of equipment. Maps and aerodrome information from the Automobile Association simplified navigation.

The first rendezvous was for lunch at Douai, where the party was received by M. Jacques Breguet, a representative of the French Air Ministry, and a number of French private owners. In the afternoon the party proceeded to Rheims, a military aerodrome, where they were received by officers of the 12me Régiment, and afterwards visited the famous Roman cellars of Charles Heidsieck et Cie.

THE second day the party went on to Lyons, calling at Beaune on the way; and on the third day arrived at Marignane, the land and sea air station of Marseilles, where lunch was shared with members of the local Aero Club and officers stationed at Berne, where the French Schneider team is in training.

The next stage took the party to Cannes, and was one of the most beautiful experiences of the tour, the Côte d'Azur assuming for their benefit its most delightful colouring. At Avignon the following morning the aviators were greeted with a triumphal arch bearing the words, Welcome aux Visiteurs, and by the President of the Aero Club. Other calls were made at Carcassonne, Toulouse, Bordeaux, and Poitiers.

The return journey to Heston was broken at Le Touquet, where a special final luncheon had been arranged at the Hôtel de Picardy. Features of the cruise were the delightful weather enjoyed throughout the whole itinerary and the wonderful reception accorded at every point of call. There is little doubt that France is an ideal touring centre for light aeroplanes, as there are aerodromes at every place of interest and a most cordial reception for visitors par la voie des airs.

Puss Moth the Time-Saver

A STRIKING instance of time-saving by using the air-way occurred recently when Captain Birkett, of Air Taxis, received a telephone call at 11.0 p.m. from Portsmouth from the house of Colonel Sir William Dupree. Sir William Dupree was lying seriously ill at Aix-les-Bains, and it was desired to rush his own doctor to his bedside. At 4.40 a.m. Captain Birkett, with the doctor and Sir William's valet, left the ground at Stag Lane, and, after clearing Customs at Croydon, a non-stop flight was made to Dijon, a distance of 400 miles, where a halt was made for breakfast. An hour and a half later the Puss Moth landed at Chambért, where the doctor and valet proceeded by motor to Aix-les-Bains. After lunch Captain Birkett left again for home, and arrived in time for dinner, having covered 1,100 miles in exactly eleven hours' flying. He remarked at the finish of the flight that, in spite of having no sleep the previous night, he felt fit enough to go to a dance. The quietness and comfort in the cabin of a Puss Moth, and the clear view from the pilot's seat make flying a relaxation rather than work. From Mr. C. W. A. Scott's magnificent record-smashing flights to and from Australia it seems as if there can be nothing very exhausting about flying the Gipsy for long periods either.

M. Bleriot in the cockpit of his machine, which was the first to fly the Channel in 1909, photographed at the Airways Garden Party at Hanworth Aerodrome, where the National Flying Services Carnival was held recently

Aviation in the North

ON Saturday, June 20th, the New School of Flying at the Air Port of Manchester will be opened by the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford and Warrington. The course of instruction has been arranged by Northern Air Lines, and will include night flying, cross-country flying, and workshop experience for those who desire to take it. Moths are to be used exclusively for training. Mr. G. F. Yuill, late of the Scottish Flying Club, has been appointed chief instructor.

There is to be no club nor any formalities, pupils simply taking instruction as they wish. A residential hotel (the Air Port Hotel) joins the flying ground. Pupils will be able to hire Moths from the school when they have obtained their pilot's certificate.

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FUN AT SCAPA FLOW: "BRITANNIA" AT

Major Sidney Cotton, who will shortly set out on a new aerial expedition to survey the uncharted coast of North Canada. He is seen with Mrs. Cotton, who accompanies him on all his flights and will be a member of the expedition

The Fleet has been holding its annual regatta at Scapa peting was very keen. Capt. R. M. Bellairs, C.B., winning crew with

YOUTH IN THE SADDLE

Miss Olive Ricks putting two of her horses at a five-bar gate whilst hard at work practising in the paddock. She took part in juvenile events, for which there was a large number of entries, at the Richmond Horse Show, held in Old Deer Park last week

OUR AWFUL SUM

Miss Rhona Rabbidge valiantly playing out of a bunker Championships at Portmarnock, in Ireland, when

COWES: ENGLISH GIRL WINS FRENCH OAKS

..., where the rivalry between the different ships com-
...G., R.N., is seen on H.M.S. "Rodney" greeting a
...inning smile

Miss Diana Esmond leading in her horse, Pearl Cap, after it had won the Prix de Diane, the French equivalent to the Oaks, at Chantilly, in the pouring rain. Elliott, the jockey brought off a double by winning both the French and the English Oaks

...TO DATE
...was more like a lake during the Ladies' Open Golf
...rain and wind were painfully evident

A SQUALL IN THE SOLENT

A photograph taken on board the King's yacht, "Britannia," during a race in the Royal Southern Yacht Club's Regatta at Cowes. Sir Philip Hunloke is seen at the wheel of the yacht, and some of the Solent is seen coming aboard

MOTOR NOTES

CARS AND THE WEATHER CLERK

BY E. M. WRIGHT

FOR years past I have been an open-car enthusiast. In their laudable efforts to make motoring more comfortable in bad weather many makers have gone to the other extreme, and have robbed it of much of its charm when the weather is fine. I do not in the least hanker after a return to prehistoric vehicles, innocent even of windscreens. But I have long sought—as who has not?—for a practical all-weather car which will give me that cosiness which is essential on a raw winter's day, and will still allow me to enjoy, as far as reasonably practicable, a sunny day in June. In this, as in so many matters motoring, the ideal can only be a compromise, and, so far, the best compromise designed is the sliding roof. In the opinion of no less an authority than Mr. Maurice Sampson, this is the most important invention in coachwork for many years. I always value his opinion, and I am gratified to discover how completely it agrees with my own.

* * *

THE earliest attempts to shut out the weather filled me with alarm. When I saw the hood and side-curtain arrangement gradually sinking into oblivion I looked about for a substitute, in dread lest a completely closed saloon should become the only alternative. And what are these substitutes? The four-seater drop-head coupé would seem ideal, but for some reason it has never taken on. People speak of rattles that develop when both the roof and windows are made to fall away. Then there are those excellent designs in which only the roof falls, the windows and framework of the sides remaining erect. These, it is said, prevent some of the worst rattles, but (I am bound to confess from experience) not all.

MR. E. M. C. INSTONE

Who was recently elected President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. One of the pioneers of the industry and associated with the Daimler Company for many years, he is now a director of Stratton-Instone, Ltd., of Pall Mall

* * *

AGAIN, there does not seem to be any considerable proportion of the motoring public which wants this type of body. Two or three excellent designs have been on the market for years, and they are always being improved, but they are expensive and never look like selling in quantities. One of our largest motor car manufacturers introduced a body of this kind as standard some three years ago. The roof was worked from the driver's seat with the car in motion—an immense improvement on former ideas. But he found that there was no worth-while demand for it, and he had to drop it. Then came the sliding roof.

* * *

HOW, one might well wonder, can any lover of the open air and countryside be content with this quarter measure of freedom? As one in this category myself, I believe I can supply the answer. It is that half the joy of the open car is not the *effect* but the *feeling* of being in the open air, and most of that feeling comes from the absence of a roof over one's head. Take the open car with the hood up and the side-curtains down. There is no feeling of freedom although all the sides of the car are open to the air and the view it shows. It is the roof that matters. It was the *effect* of the open car that killed it. The gales and cold when the hood was down were almost as bad as the draught and cold when it was up.

* * *

ALL this is solved by the sliding roof. It is (or should be) opened or closed at a touch, with the car in motion if need be, as when one turns the lights on and the dew begins to settle, or when the sun comes out for a few moments after an April shower. And there need be no draughts whatever either in the front or back seats. One may enjoy a blow of air in midsummer when one wants it; but if one does not, the sliding roof fully open will give perfect ventilation without a vestige of draught. The secret is, as a rule, to have all the windows and windscreen closed. With the sliding roof drawn back, even an inch of opening anywhere else in the car, curiously enough, creates mysterious but quite unmistakable draughts.

The Prince of Wales on board the British Power Boat Company's "Sea-Ace" on his way to visit the new giant air liner belonging to Imperial Airways, Ltd., lying off Hythe. This "Power" speed boat, in which the Prince went from Hamble to the air liner and back, was piloted by Mr. H. Scott-Paine, the Managing-Owner of the British Power Boat Company and a director of Imperial Airways, Ltd.

IN THE NEWS

A Year of Progress.

In view of what I wrote last week on the activities of motor clubs, I am particularly interested in the annual report of the R.A.C. for 1930, which has just been issued. Despite bad times, there has been a considerable increase in the number of associate members, with a consequent enlargement of the club's activities. During 1930 it played an important part in securing many useful amendments in the Road Traffic Act whilst it was before Parliament, and as in past years closely watched all private legislation affecting our interests. In conjunction with other bodies it made further attempts to secure reduction in motor taxation.

During the course of last year it handled no fewer than 670,000 vehicles. One branch of the club's activities of which more ought to be known, and which is of great service to all road users, is their investigation of complaints with regard to road dangers, bad roads, and traffic difficulties.

(*Continued on page 620*)

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 618)

The Sunbeam "Sixteen"

After a spate of small four-cylinders, for which I had a passing passion, it was a relief recently to take a jaunt in—no, not a big car, but one which ran like a big car. For that is the charm of the 16-h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam: it comports itself with all the quiet dignity of its larger brethren in the illustrious Wolverhampton stable. Yet it costs its owner no more to run than any other 16-h.p. motor car. It is merely a small size in Sunbeams, having all their refinements, yet costing new but £650 for the standard coachbuilt saloon which I tried.

It is not a model for which the makers claim any sensational speeds. The springing, which gives feather-bed comfort, does not cause the body to rebound from every pot-hole passed over—as it does on more than one car I could name at twice the price of this Sunbeam; and the coachbuilding itself gives evidence that there really is something worth paying extra for in a Sunbeam. Such a model will always have a definite niche in the market, for it brings all the attractions of owning a Sunbeam within reach of the man—or woman—who cannot run to more than £650.

The new Singer Ten, which is smart in appearance, fast on the road and very economical on petrol. The de luxe model costs only £210

Overseas Trade

Most of our bigger motor car concerns have latterly been making strenuous efforts to improve their sales in British Overseas markets. But few, as yet, have seriously attempted to penetrate the purely foreign markets. One notable exception is the Rolls-Royce Company. Despite the fact that they enjoy a world-wide reputation, and have every excuse for resting on their laurels, they have, since the Paris Show seven months ago, exhibited cars at no fewer than eight international exhibitions on the Continent, in Australia, and, of course, Buenos Aires.

Another firm which is making a determined bid for foreign sales is the Singer Company. Following its participation in the British Empire Trade Exhibition at Buenos Aires, it has now appointed a local firm there to be sole distributors for Singer cars and commercial vehicles throughout the Argentine, and have concluded negotiations with a Santiago firm to represent them in Chile.

Talking of the Singer cars, the Editor, who finds great relaxation in testing every kind of motor, is very enthusiastic about the Singer Ten which he took in hand to try out thoroughly recently. It is, of course, four cylinder, with all the very latest devices and a long chassis, and the purchaser can either have a saloon or a coupé model, both excellently upholstered. There are five wire wheels and buffers. In appearance and in comfort the Singer Ten is equal to that of cars costing double the price, as the de luxe model costs only £210, in addition to which it is being turned out in a modified form at £190. The Editor was delighted with the running of the car, and he covered distances at 60 m.p.h. without any perceptible vibration at a consumption of petrol which averaged about 27 miles to the gallon, while the oil consumed was negligible. The car was driven up Reigate Hill very comfortably on third, despite a block in the traffic, with four passengers all told; a very good performance. Anyone wanting a handsome runabout car, cheap to run and easy to control, should inspect the Singer Ten at the company's showrooms in Piccadilly.

We have to offer our apologies to Mr. D. B. Payne, and to his Wolseley Hornet, for having inaccurately given a caption to the picture in our issue of June 3 in connection with the London-Edinburgh motor trial, where a car which broke down on Park Rash was described as Mr. Payne's Wolseley Hornet. As a matter of fact, every Wolseley Hornet climbed Park Rash, and out of ten starters eight were awarded gold medals, including Mr. Payne himself. It is very annoying to a driver who climbs one of the worst hills in the country successfully to be represented in a photograph as having failed. The error was caused by the wrong description given by a photographic agency.

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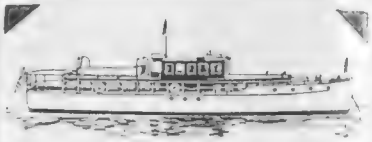

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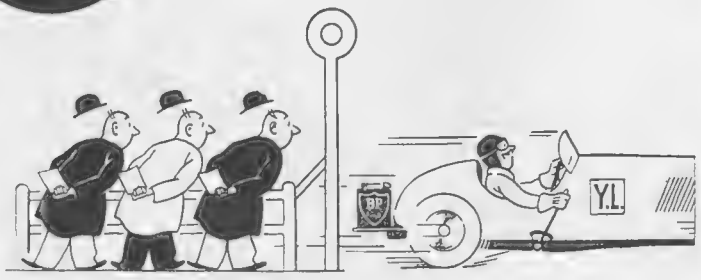

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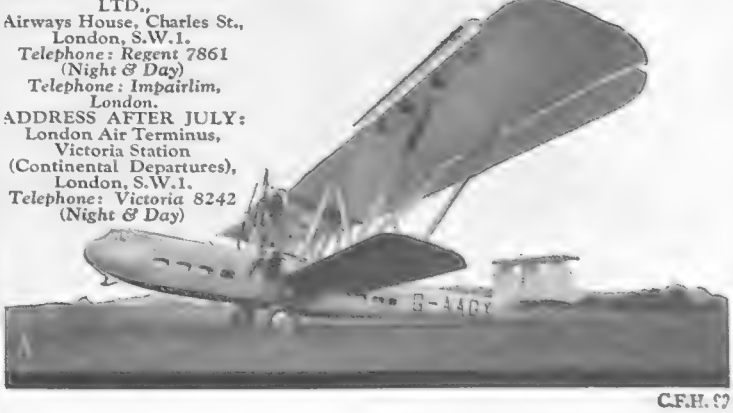

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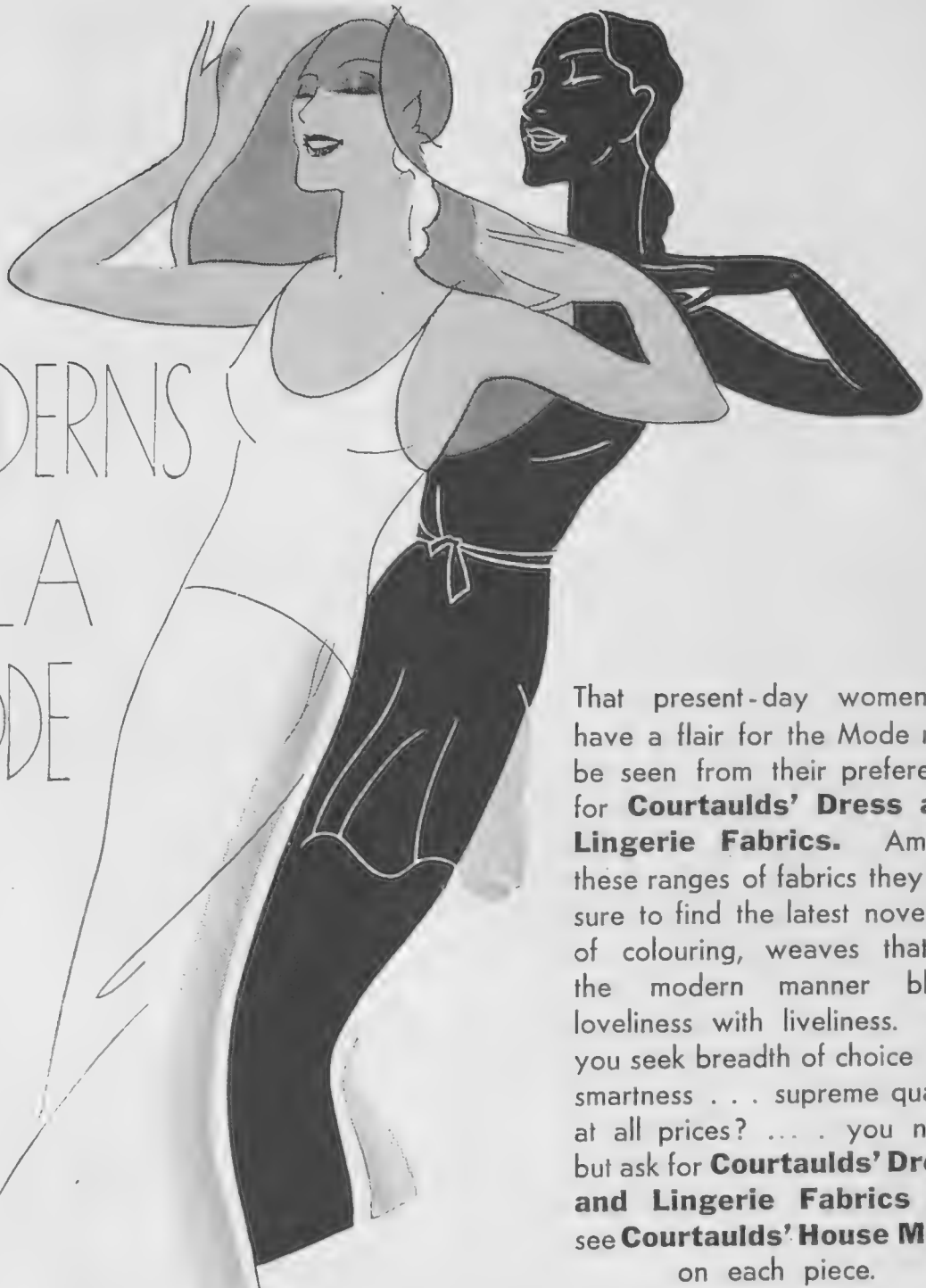

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These tresses have been treated by the Pamoil perfected process of permanent waving. It leaves the hair in an ideal condition, neither greasy nor dry

The Cross-over and Capelet Sleeve

THERE is little need to reiterate the importance of the coatee suit, as it has been talked about for several weeks; but, in order that monotony may be banished, variations on the theme have been introduced, including the cross-over and the capelet sleeve. The latter is a rather curious accessory, as it suggests a handkerchief being cut in two, a triangle appearing on each shoulder and a point resting on each arm; sometimes they are stitched on, or it may be that patent fasteners are introduced. More often than not they are of a contrasting material to the dress. Cherry-coloured crêpe de Chine looks well with white or eggshell tinted organdi. The cross-over is too well known to need a description. Suffice it to say that it is made of wool as well as semi-diaphanous materials. By the way, sleeveless coatees of chenille have made their debut and have met with an enthusiastic welcome. They are available in the gayest of colours.

Kimono Sleeves

PARTICULARLY smart are the long wrap coats carried out in fleece. An important feature is the kimono or Raglan sleeves; they are double-breasted and are reinforced with narrow belts and large patch pockets. Not only will they be seen in natural and white tints, but in pastel shades of yellow, blue, pink, and green. Mufflers also have their rôle to play. Crêpe de Chine and silk are seen in happy unison, as well as satin, and many of the new basket weave woollen fabrics. And now about the buttonhole; it must harmonise with the muffler, and may be expressed in piqué, organdi, broderie anglais, or lace. A decidedly new note is struck by the floral brooch clusters; they are made of glass, the back of which is treated with enamel, hence the colour schemes are exceptionally beautiful.

These are suits that are really needed for the holidays. They come from Pettigrew and Stephens. The one on the left is of botany wool, the jumper being in a fine lace design, while the one on the right is of fine wool stockinette

For Golf and Tennis

FASHIONS for sports occupy an important position in the modern wardrobe, thus women must study the catalogue of Pettigrew and Stephens, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. A casual glance through the same will convince all and sundry that the prices which prevail are exceptionally moderate. Shown on the left of the picture is a two-piece suit carried out in botany wool. The jumper, in a fine lace design, is embroidered with Angora spots to tone; as will be seen, it is fitted over the hips with a deep ribbed welt, the skirt being arranged in fine ribs to suggest pleats, in fashionable shades. It is 72*s.* 6*d.* Wool stockinette makes the two-piece suit on the right. The coat is relieved with rows of stitchings, and the skirt has inverted pleats on either side; it is 59*s.* 6*d.* By the way, there are practical tennis frocks in heavy artificial silk for 15*s.*, and hand embroidered linen frocks for 10*s.*

The Pamoil Permanent Wave

THE Pamoil permanent hair-waving process is a scientific method that has stood endless tests and has given complete satisfaction. Its existence is due to the genius of Aldworth and Hornett, 385, Oxford Street, W. Not only does it wave the hair, but it permanently rejuvenates it. It is part of the guarantee that the client does not feel any heat or discomfort during the operation, as heavy steaming cylinders have been eliminated. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the process is as easy and as comfortable as scalp massage.

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GOLF GOSSIP — By Col. Elwy Jones

"BON VOYAGE" TO BRITAIN'S GOLFERS

Charles Whitcombe, who captains the British Ryder Cup golf team, being decorated by his wife with a good luck token before leaving in the boat-train at Waterloo. With him is seen his little daughter, Betty, and Mr. Ryder, the donor of the famous cup

IT is well for the play of the Ryder Cup team that they have few such evenings as that organised in their honour by the 19th Club last week. H.R.H. the Duke of York was very evidently enjoying himself. He brought a message of good wishes from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. After the dinner the team went on to the 19th Club, where Naunton Wayne, who is a very enthusiastic golfer, kept them amused with his views on India. It was a most successful evening.

* * *

JOSÉ JURADO is looking forward eagerly to his visit to Sandringham, where he is to play golf with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; although disappointed at his failure to win the Open Championship when it appeared to be within his grasp, he is very satisfied with the result of his trip.

* * *

THERE has been so little opportunity for playing golf in the sunshine that the other day, when the weather was exceptionally fine, I found a little group basking in the sun preparatory to their afternoon round. H. S. Malik in a picturesque Cambridge blue turban; T. A. Bourn, whose hand is now quite well; and Miss Dix-Perkin, lately home from her American tour. Miss Dix-Perkin was very amused by the operation of the Prohibition Law; so far as she could see no American golfer suffered through his inability to obtain a cocktail, and there was no need to worry about the "permitted hours." Putting on the southern courses she found most difficult, the grass used for the greens is very different from that of our home courses, and it is extremely difficult to judge the difference in pace with and against the "knap." Miss Dix-Perkins played over five courses around New York in two days!

* * *

MY notes on putting last week probably made me pay more attention than usual to my own, and by dint of watching that my left hand did not assume control, I managed to get round with only 29 putts, taking three on one green and one on eight.

* * *

I HAVE just met two very charming Americans who have been in this country since January, and have played golf almost from Land's End to John o' Groats. They are full of enthusiasm for our courses and the hospitality they received when visiting the various clubs as entire strangers. An interesting feature of their trip is that they kept a very accurate record of every stroke played, and the difference between their totals was less than twenty.

* * *

MISS ELSIE CORLETT holed some wonderful putts to defeat the only American competitor, Miss Orcutt, in the Woman's Championship. The weather conditions for the meeting were wretched, and at one hole Miss Pim, the conqueror of the holder, Miss Diana Fishwick, discarded her shoes and stockings to play a ball from a water-logged bunker; she was rewarded by getting out in fine style.

Miss Wanda Morgan's four at the long thirteenth (530 yards) was a great performance, two wooden club shots and a mashie to within three yards of the hole. Most players are pleased with a five at this hole.

BOOMER'S fine fourth round of 67 at Deauville secured the French Open Championship for him. He was only away from the centre of the fairway twice with his tee-shots in this round, at the thirteenth, where he was stymied by a tree. He carried the tree with a fine mashie shot and holed a long putt for a five. Larry Montes, the Filipino, equalled Boomer's score, doing the first nine in 30.

* * *

MRS. ABDY COLLINS, who is nearly 81 years old, won the President's Cup at the spring meeting of the Veteran Ladies' Golf Association, with a score of 69 net, and had her handicap reduced by four as a result. This was a wonderful feat, especially as she motored many miles to the meeting.

Miss Molly Gourlay (Camberley Heath), playing from the rough during the Women's Open Golf Championship at Portmarnock. Despite the shocking weather conditions, she showed excellent form

* * *

THE financial statement issued by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews makes very interesting reading. The 1930 Amateur Championship brought in £930 and the Open at Hoylake £1,113. It is expected that the figure from Carnoustie will exceed this.

* * *

LEN HOLLAND retained his title of Berks and Bucks champion. This makes his fourth win, having previously succeeded in 1926, 1927 and 1930.

* * *

DR. WILLIAM TWEDDELL (Stourbridge) won the Worcestershire Golf Union's gold medal with rounds of 72 and 73, an aggregate of 145.

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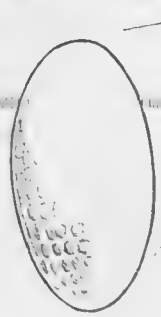
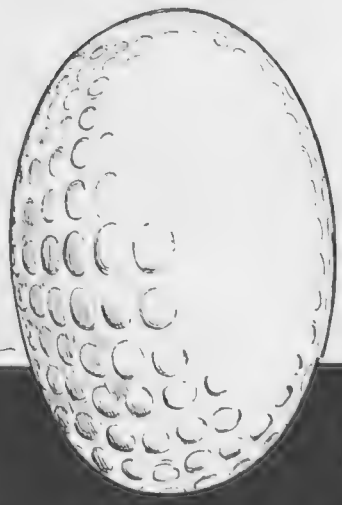


DATES FOR GOLF TOURNAMENTS:

HOLLAND *v.* FRANCE - June 27th
FRENCH CHAMPIONSHIP - July 5th

CASINO, FISHING, TENNIS, BOATING, BATHING



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DOGS

HOT-WEATHER HINTS

By LADY KITTY RITSON

It is worth while altering the routine of a dog's life somewhat in the hot weather, that is to say, if the summer be really warm. I am writing this in the middle of a heat-wave in Montreal, so perhaps I am being unnecessarily optimistic about the English summer! Still, we did have a little heat-wave of our own last year.

I think that a great many dogs suffered unnecessarily during that heat-wave, and I am sure that more dogs suffer from heat than from cold. Indeed, the average house-pet does not mind the cold at all; of course, the unfortunate dog that is kept in a yard, chained to his kennel, is miserable during the winter, but I doubt whether he is as unhappy as he is in the heat. But the happy house-dog revels in the cold weather, and even the dog who lives out of doors, provided he can run about, is quite happy. But if you notice the appearance of your dog during a heat-wave you will see that he does not care for it at all.

You should give him a run every morning quite early and again when it is dusk; over and above that he does not need much exercise. If he were in a wild state he would do his hunting at night and avoid the heat that way. Not being able to sweat through his skin he naturally feels the heat more than we do, because you know yourself how much less you feel the heat if you can manage to get really hot. I find from long experience that English-bred dogs don't need much exercise during the hot weather, and I think it is wise to let them lie about if they wish to.

You must naturally feed them accordingly, and give them less. I find it a good plan to ease up on the biscuit and to give lightly cooked—not raw—meat, mixed with minced vegetables and to pour a spoonful of orange juice over their food once a day. This keeps their blood cool and they assimilate it easily with their food. Some dogs bring meat up if you give it raw. A little sulphur is also a good thing, but don't put it in the drinking water and imagine that it will be absorbed in that way. Put a large pinch in a piece of butter and put it down their throats. Three times a week is enough, for it is lowering.

Miss D. Bradshaw with her Borzois, Dushitchka and Peter of Nerma, at the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Canine Association's Show. It took place in the Home Park at Windsor

If your dogs pick up fleas during the hot weather, go through their coats carefully with a fine-tooth comb every day. This is better than constant baths and should be sufficient for England. In India one keeps a dog boy whose pleasing duty it is to collect the fleas in their hundreds and to offer the corpses for inspection in a soap bowl. It is popularly supposed that if the dog does not supply a sufficient number of fleas that the boy provides them off his own person rather than run the risk of being accused of laziness. I used to think this was the case many a time.

Kur-Mange is also an excellent remedy and better than ordinary washing, as soap is apt to irritate the dog's skin. But dogs in this country don't know the meaning of "bugs," as they call them in America and Canada.

It is a mistake to let dogs remain outside a house in the middle of the day, as the flies torment their ears and make them quite sore. However, it is funny how little attention the dogs pay to the flies, and at the most it is a passing annoyance in this country. You can always get something at the chemist's with which to anoint the ears.

To sum up, don't over-exercise your dog, keep his blood cool, and, above all, change his drinking water at least three times a day. After all this advice I expect we shall have an Arctic summer!

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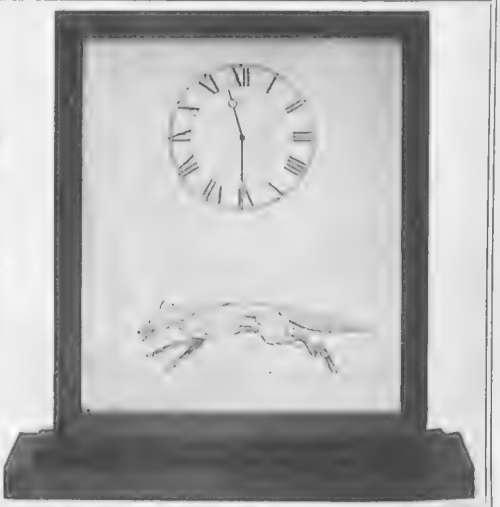

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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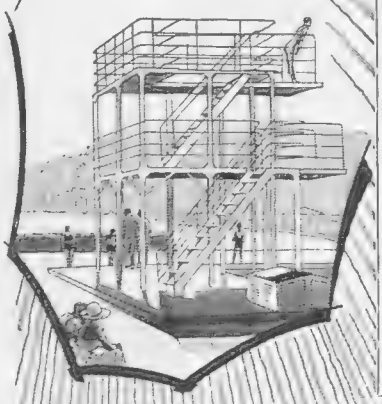

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

A Cold Luncheon

Œufs à la Gasconne.

Macédoine de Poisson.

Galantine de Poulet.
Salade de Tomates.

Nougats à la Crême de Chocolat.

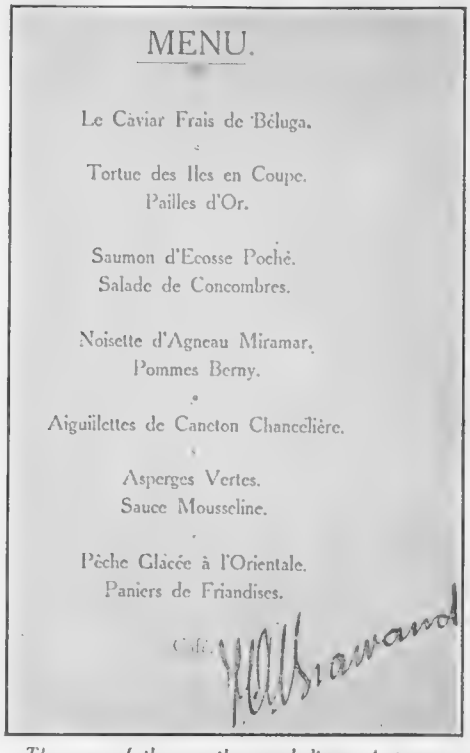
Café.

Œufs à la Gasconne

BOIL some eggs hard, cut them in halves, slice a small piece from either end so that they stand; take out the yolks, put them in a mortar with a small piece of butter and some caviar (for four eggs a tablespoonful of caviar), mix them all well together, adding a sprinkling of cayenne and a few drops of lemon juice. Fill the eggs with this, piling the mixture high in them, and dish them up surrounded by mustard and cress.

Macédoine de Poisson

LINE a plain mould with aspic, and put into it, to the depth of an inch, cooked carrots, turnips, French beans, peas, cauliflower, etc.; shake pepper and salt over them and a small quantity of oil and vinegar dressing. Next pour in another layer of aspic and allow it to set. Now fill up the mould to within one inch of the top with a fish purée made by passing any cooked fish you wish to use through a sieve and mixing into it enough mayonnaise sauce to moisten it, one gill of stiffly whipped cream, and nearly two gills of aspic jelly; whip all together and fill the mould, placing, when the fish purée is set, another layer of vegetables on the top. Finish with a layer of aspic jelly, and when quite set turn out on to a bed of lettuce, garnish with cucumber and radishes, and serve with mayonnaise sauce.


MENU.

Le Caviar Frais de Béluga.

Tortue des Iles en Coupe.
Pailles d'Or.

Saumon d'Ecosse Poché.
Salade de Concombres.

Noisette d'Agneau Miramar.
Pommes Berny.

Aiguillettes de Canetон Chancelière.

Asperges Vertes.
Sauce Mousseline.

Pêche Glacée à l'Orientale.
Paniers de Friandises.

The menu of the seventh annual dinner of the 8th Punjab Regiment (Burma Battalion), at which the Prince of Wales (Colonel-in-Chief) was present, held recently in the Adams Room of the Piccadilly Hotel. It has been signed by the Banqueting Manager, M. F. A. Brawand

Galantine de Poulet

BONE a fowl and put in the mixture as follows: ½ lb. bacon (minced), two truffles, 1 lb. of sausage meat, the yolks of two or three hard-boiled eggs, and pepper and salt. Wrap it in a cloth, and tie or pin it, not too tightly, and boil. When boiled unfasten the cloth and tie up again, and place it between two dishes well weighted and leave for a time; then take off the cloth and brush over with glaze; let it stand, and repeat the glazing three or four times.

Nougats à la Crème de Chocolat

CREAM 6 oz. of fresh butter, stir in 8 oz. of grated chocolate and mix well; line some plain dariole moulds with the mixture rather thickly, leaving a hole in the middle. Let them stand in a cool place for a day. Turn out by dipping them in warm water and running a knife round the sides; roll in desiccated cocoanut and fill with pink and white whipped cream.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A general view of Spiez, the delightful summer resort in Switzerland

New Railway Sports Ground

Owing to the Romford widening having encroached upon the Great Eastern Amateur Athletic Association's Sports Ground, a new ground has been provided at Loughton and is to be officially opened on June 20. The new ground is 12½ acres in extent, and includes three football pitches, three cricket pitches, four hard tennis courts, a bowling green and a spacious pavilion with two covered stands. A new social club has been formed, and has already over 1,500 members. On June 20, after the official opening, the first sports meeting is to be held, when competitors from all over the L.N.E.R. system, including Glasgow and Dundee, will compete. The opening ceremony of this splendid new sports ground will be performed by Mr. William Whitelaw, Chairman of the L.N.E.R. and President of the association, who will also present the awards to the winners.

The Tourist Dining Saloon on board the wonderful new liner, "Empress of Britain," which recently made her maiden voyage to America. Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Ltd., of Pall Mall East, S.W.1, were responsible for the artistic furnishing

Summer in Switzerland

A summer holiday in Switzerland forms a delightful contrast to the far from certain and often definitely bad weather which is all too often our unhappy lot in England. Spiez, with its wonderful sun and air and glorious mountain scenery, is an ideal summer resort, for not only is it a great excursion centre but provides facilities for golf, lawn tennis, bathing and all forms of aquatic sports on its lake. The hotels here are very comfortable and most moderate in price, the terms ranging from 9s. 6d. a day upwards.

A Scholastic Occasion

This year's Speech Day at Kinmel School, Abergele, Denbighshire, will take place on Saturday, July 4. The prizes will be presented this year by Lord Aberconway, who is the owner of considerable estates in Denbighshire and is keenly interested in the school.

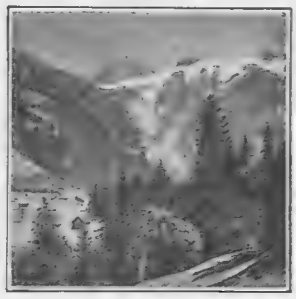
Dr. Barnardo's Homes

The excellent work of these homes on behalf of destitute children was alluded to in our issue of June 3, when we pointed out how greatly this deserving cause needs support. The Head Officers, to which donations should be sent, are at 18, Stepney Causeway, E.1, and not Newington Causeway as mentioned in the issue referred to above.

A Lawn Tennis Note

No lover of lawn tennis can afford to be without Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanac for 1931. It contains not only biographies of the leading players and detailed reports of all the principal tournaments at home and abroad during 1930, but interesting articles by—among others—H. S. Scrivener, C. P. Dixon, and A. Wallis Myers. It is obtainable from Messrs. F. H. Ayres, Ltd., 111, Aldersgate Street, E.C., at the price of five shillings.

For all-round holidays Switzerland!



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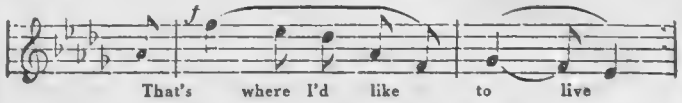

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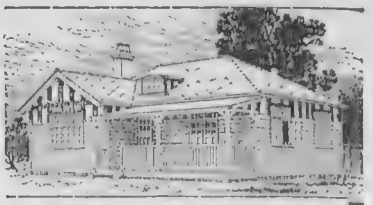

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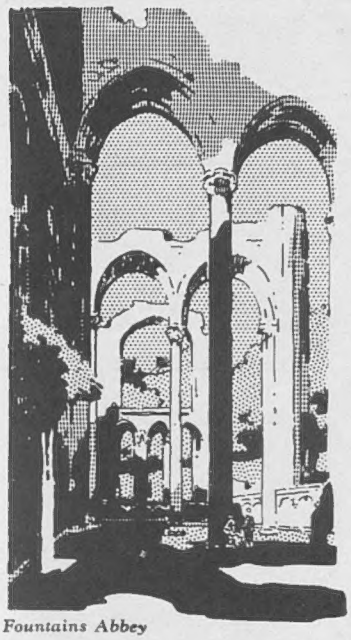

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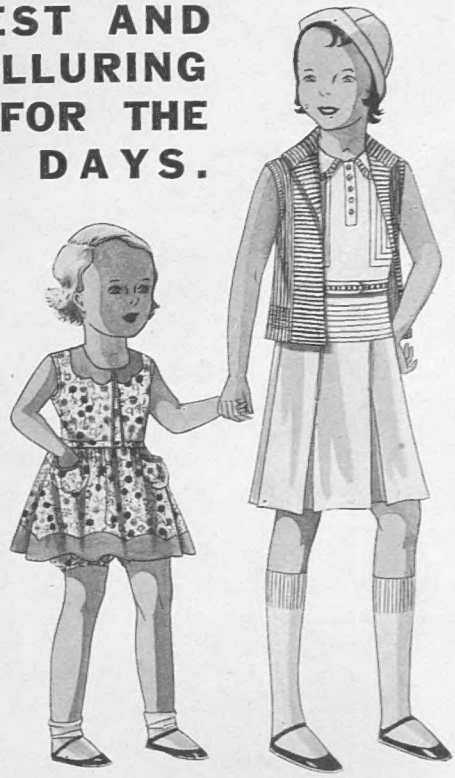

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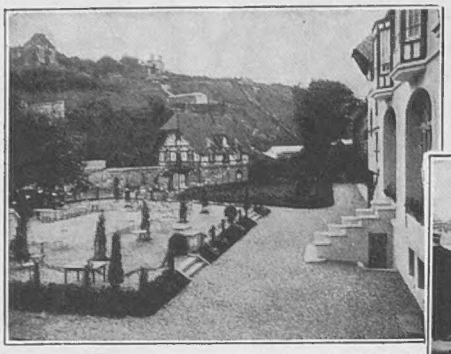

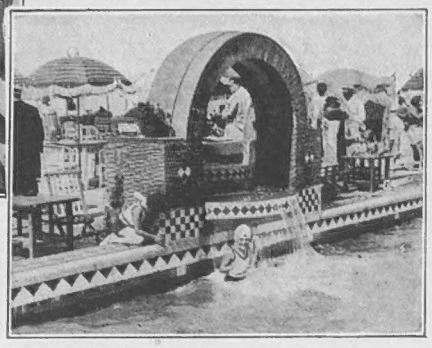

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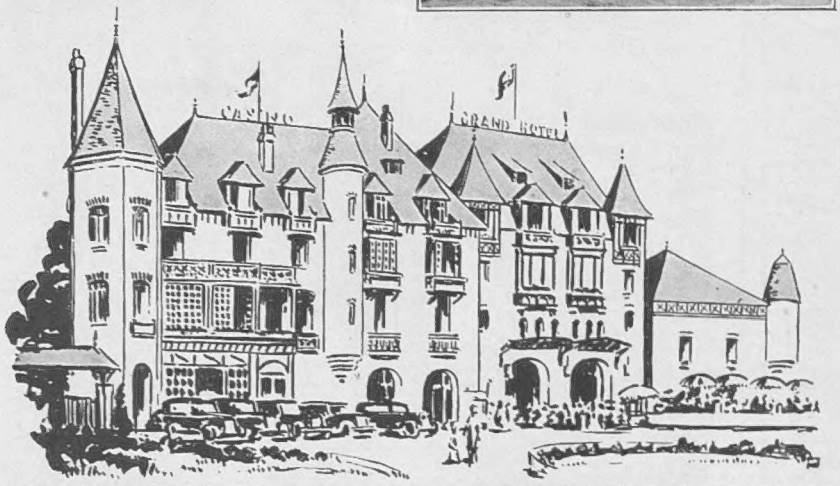

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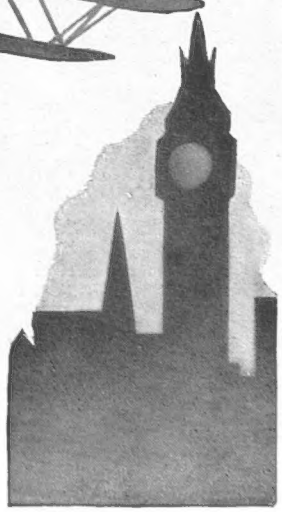
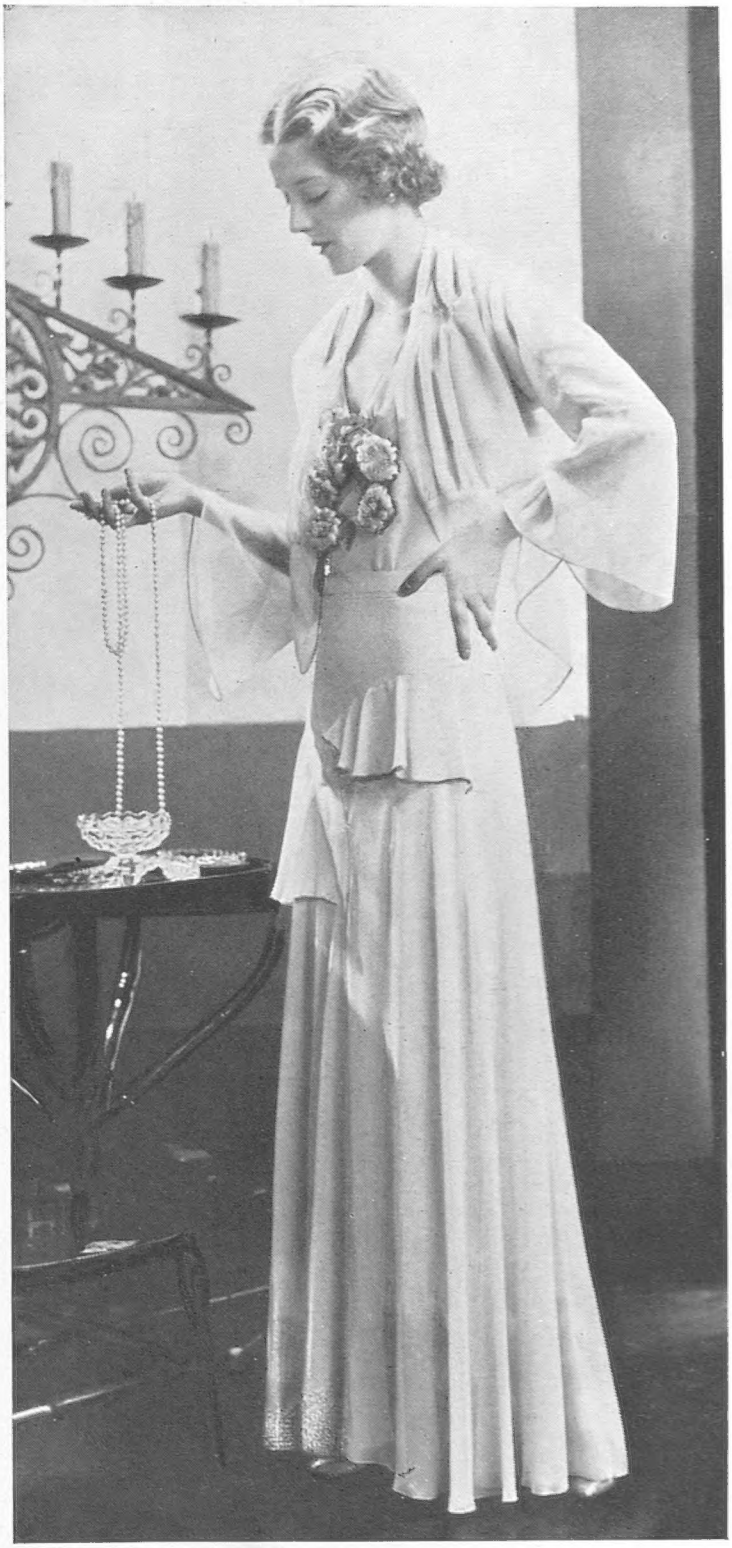


FOR TEA-TIME



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Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. June 17, 1931.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.